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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## Nervousness and Nervous Breakdown

J. Markowitz, M. D.

## The Evolution of George Moore

Henry Noyes

Outmoded Wisdom - - - L. A. M.

The Jooss Ballet - - - H. N. Frye

The Leaven in the Lump - - - Donald Buchanan

Apology for the Press - - - John Fairfax

That Clear Moral Issue - - - F. H. Underhill

## INTERNATIONAL HOUSING

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APRIL, 1936

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## CONTENTS

### Editorials

That Clear Moral Issue - F. H. Underhill

Outmoded Wisdom - L. A. M.

Apology For The Press - John Fairfax

The Tree Of Life - Merlin

Canada and League Sanctions - Escott Reid

The Leaven In The Lump - Donald Buchanan

Nervousness And Nervous Breakdown

J. Markowitz

Merits of Opium - E. A. Havelock

The Jooss Ballet - H. N. Frye

International Housing - H. S. M. Carver

The Passionate Snow Of Yesteryear

Pegi Nicol

The Evolution of George Moore - Henry Noyes

Book Reviews by J. F. Parkinson, Frank H. Underhill, G. M. A. Grube, Cecil Lewis, Carlton McNaught, W. C. De Pauley, N. J. Endicott, Gilbert Norwood, Donald Buchanan Eleanor Godfrey.

## CONTRIBUTORS

HENRY NOYES is a Fellow in the English Department of University College, Toronto; he is at present engaged in an exhaustive investigation into the works of George Moore. The article appearing under his name in this month's issue, is a promising foretaste of what may be expected upon the completion of his literary labours.

H. N. FRYE is rapidly gaining prominence as a music critic although at the moment he is pursuing the duties of a Fellowship in English at Victoria College.

DR. JACOB MARKOWITZ is a well-known Toronto Surgeon and a Lecturer in the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Toronto.

PEGI NICOL was recently elected a member of the Canadian Group of Painters. Within the last five months her work has been on view in four exhibitions.

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# The Canadian Forum

INDEX BY TITLES AND AUTHORS



From April 1936 To March 1937





# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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No. 183

## THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

**W**HILE the children of the Rhineland were waving flags in the streets to welcome Hitler's troops, their elders were probably thinking of other soldiers, many of them black, who had occupied the same district 12 years before, when France, under M. Poincaré, invaded the defenceless Ruhr in quest of reparations. The evil that men do lives after them, and the proof of it is Hitler's Germany, the product of vindictive French statesmanship. It is probable that the average Rhinelander views the occupation of his own part of the country by Germany's troops as a purely defensive measure, and that his ideas on this subject are independent of the Nazi controlled press. But this does not mean that the children who today wave flags will not be slaughtered tomorrow.

Meanwhile the world is not a bit interested in the feelings of the Rhineland, but very interested in keeping an armed peace, which a spark may explode. No one exactly wants to drop the spark, and yet no one can quit playing with the gunpowder. Hitler, by tearing up Locarno, has created much righteous indignation and no small panic in France. England has refused to be disturbed, and is not likely to commit herself to anything more than formal regrets. Hitler's proposal for a demilitarized zone on both the French and German sides of the border would, if accepted, mark the most constructive step towards peace in Western Europe that has been achieved since the war. It has small chance of being accepted however, for the French would have to scrap defensive fortifications, and there is not that initial basis of trust between France and Germany to make the experiment possible. France has only herself to blame in the present situation. Not only has she herself torn up Versailles by steadily rearming in time of peace, but by refusing to demilitarize any part of her border provinces she has left herself nothing to bargain with now.

## GERMANY AND RUSSIA

**M**EANWHILE it becomes daily clearer that Germany is forging a sword for use elsewhere, in the East. Hitler in the same speeches in which he offers the olive branch to France breathes fierce denunciation of communism and all its works. It is

not to be doubted that the realists who at present inhabit the Wilhelmstrasse realize only too clearly that the Franco-Soviet pact involves rather more than just a military understanding between Germany's two hereditary enemies. It is bound to expand the world prestige of Communism, or Socialism, which nowadays in post-revolution Russia amount to the same thing. Hitler will continue to strive desperately to divide up the peace problem into two halves. The French half is then likely to become no problem at all, provided he is given a free hand in the East, so that Germany may take a bite at the Ukraine. A great deal depends on England's policy. She is coming to the point where she will have to choose between Germany and Russia. If the choice is left to the Foreign Office, it will be Germany, and a new European war will have drifted a step nearer. But the choice has not yet been made. Meanwhile we do not wonder that M. Litvinoff feels nervous, and that his country continues to arm. But it all makes the European scene a sorry spectacle, and when the French Communist party is discovered demanding a preventive war on Germany, it looks sorrier still.

## THE LION'S CLAWS

**B**RTAIN'S contribution to peace has now been announced, in the shape of a huge rearmament programme. If the Tories hope to play a game of bluff with the object of forcing the continent into some fresh security arrangement, their game is too silly and dangerous for the twentieth century. If there is no bluff in the programme, then they are quietly dropping such notions as collective security overboard, but not telling their electors—not yet. When their policy has produced a fait accompli, it will be time enough to ask the British voter to accept the inevitable.

There is a political angle to this rearmament programme which gives food for thought. The scheme is apparently designed to distribute orders of some sort to every large manufacturing concern in the kingdom. By the time the next election comes, the boom will have got nicely under way, the European scene will continue to be plunged in gloom unrelieved by any constructive policy, and the English man will be invited to vote for prosperity and the Tories, and keep out a wicked Labour government pledged to stop armament orders and bring back the depression. It is all so like the Gadarene swine.

## ON THE LEFT

**L** EFT-WING groups in Canada, large and small, are undergoing a painful period of heart searching and Mr. E. A. Beder's article in the March issue is an example of what is to be found in the various Communist groups, Socialist and Labor groups, and all other groups, including, no doubt, what is left of the Reconstruction party. The problem that these groups see is this, a million voters broke away from the old parties and marked their ballots for candidates opposed in various degrees to the present economic system; can these million voters be organized in a single political movement that will present a greater challenge to the old parties than the competing groups presented? Mr. Beder is feeling his way towards some synthesis of the elements he approves in the Communist party and in the C.C.F. The official Communist party is also seeking the same objective, while the Lovestonites and the Trotskyites are pursuing the higher task of attempting to reveal the true light to sinners among the bourgeoisie and the working class both within and without the C.C.F. Another group is sending its organizer, he is the sole member, on a good-will tour to the C.C.F. clubs of Ontario. The heart searching, it seems, has led to the belief, in at least some quarters, that the C.C.F., despite all its outrageous doctrinal ignorance and its utter failure to curl with horror over the imminence of Fascism in Canada, provides the best basis for the unified movement. Even sections of the Reconstruction party are of the same opinion, not a few erstwhile organizers have volunteered their services to the C.C.F., but Social Credit maintains, beyond a united front with the Communists in Calgary, a beautiful isolation on its twenty-five dollar mountain. In the meantime the C.C.F. shows every sign of appreciating, though not without much self-criticism, that it is the largest, best financed, and most successful organization on the left, and that it is not yet ready to sacrifice the opportunity of wider unity to secure the still unproved advantage of unity with the more ardent wooers in the Communist party. That the unity of all forces on the left is coming, and coming rapidly, is quite apparent. But it is not apparent that it will be secured by Communist efforts or by "good-will" tours. It will come through the C.C.F., perhaps under another name, perhaps with another programme. In the meantime the C.C.F. is encouraging its critics from within to continue their heart-searching, much of it is more than necessary; but as to its critics from without it refers them to the "New Statesman" and the "Economist" of London, England, as evidence that observers in other countries see in the C.C.F. and in no other party, a threatening left-wing movement.

## THE A. B. C. THEOREM

**T** HE Hon. William Aberhart has earned a new niche of his own in Canadian political history as the last known colonial. His exchange of letters with Major Douglas presents the once familiar spectacle of a Canadian prime minister begging a so-called expert from Britain to advise him. No one in Canada, it appears, and we can agree, understands what social credit precisely means or how precisely it would be applied. Mr. Aberhart, though

very ready with a microphone or a press statement, has placed himself in the position of the rest of us, and he has turned, therefore, to the prophet abroad for aid and comfort. It is strange to find this reversion to type in Alberta, of all provinces.

The play between Mr. Aberhart and Major Douglas was initiated two years ago when Major Douglas visited Alberta. At that time, the United Farmer government faintly saw the possibility of turning the high priest against one of his acolytes, and before the provincial election last August, Major Douglas was employed by the then provincial government to act as an adviser. At that time, the vagueness of Major Douglas and theadroitness of Mr. Aberhart forestalled any division in the ranks of Mr. Aberhart's supporters; indeed, instead of aiding the government in the approaching elections, for which Major Douglas was primarily engaged, the visit aided the government's opponents. But the present situation is no blessing to Mr. Aberhart's own government. Mr. Aberhart presents a somewhat helpless picture, a voice crying from the wilderness unto the father of light, and the father cometh not.

Mr. Aberhart's first budget, therefore, is magnificently orthodox and must bear the sincere approval of a more willing and convenient adviser, R. J. Magor of Montreal. Taxation will impose restrictions upon "consumers' purchasing power" to the amount of \$2,875,000 and agricultural relief will be cut. There is no provision for dividing Alberta's "cultural heritage" and social credit is relegated to the attentions of a commission. This is the A.B.C. rather than the A. plus B. theorem of Canadian politics.

And despite the roars of the Financial Post and other protagonists of orthodox finance, Mr. Aberhart's 'forced' conversion of Alberta's debt is little less orthodox than the Australian conversions three years ago, and much more orthodox than Britain's policy on the debt to the United States.

## THE SOLUTION

**T** HE solution of party difficulties in Quebec lies in the hands of the Hon. Mr. Taschereau but the changes in his cabinet effectively reveal that, for the moment at least, he does not propose to apply the solution. If he would retire and let M. Godbout, the minister of agriculture, succeed him, it is not unlikely that the Gouin party, L'Action Libérale Nationale, would accept representation in the reorganized cabinet and throw their weight behind the government. But M. Taschereau has evaded any such solution and the new cabinet makes no concessions to the expectations of the rival Liberal party. The alliance between them and the Conservatives continues, though not without obvious strains, and the strength of this companionate marriage will be tested when the legislature meets on March 24th, before this journal has appeared. In the meantime, there is some evidence in M. Gouin's own statement that the racial aspect of the young Liberal movement will be emphasized less strongly. There is also evidence that the federal Liberals are fully alive to the situation and would welcome both M. Taschereau's departure and the merging of the rebels with the official party under a reorganized cabinet.

## RACKETS

**T**HE three recent highly popular comedies in our movie theatres induce some curious reflections about our contemporary civilization. Harold Lloyd who used to amuse us by adventures in climbing up the walls of skyscrapers now gives us pictures which have a definite social background. He is the young innocent from the Chinese mission station who gets entangled in a municipal political racket, or he is the poor boob of a milkman being exploited by the vice-president in charge of sales or by the slick boxing promoter. He always manages to defeat the racketeers in the end and his pictures close with innocent virtue triumphant,—which is to say that as social documents they are mostly just so much hooey. But one wonders whether there is any significance

in the fact that he should choose such plots. Groucho Marx is always conducting some insane racket himself and getting into trouble with other more respectable and more powerful racketeers. And now Charlie presents us with a picture of our modern industrial civilization and of the way in which it exploits its victims and sacrifices personality for what is deemed efficiency and order. We all laugh till the tears come, but what a strange comment on life our jesters are giving us in these days! Is it true that our contemporary civilization is just a meaningless maze of rackets? And if it is true, shouldn't the czar of moviedom (who was once collector-in-chief of campaign funds for those eminent racketeers, the Ohio Gang) step in and stop these hilarious fun-makers before the North American public wakes up to the point of their jokes?

# THAT CLEAR MORAL ISSUE

or St. George Against the Dragon

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

**A**S Europe drifts ever more clearly towards war the arguments for entangling us in European affairs take on ever more clearly one definite pattern. That pattern can now be easily recognized in almost any discussion of our Canadian foreign policy, whether the discussion takes the form of the good old-time flag-waving of Col. George Drew in Macleans or of the subtle dialectics of Professor Zimmern in the Canadian Forum. (What a master stroke of defensive strategy it was when Professor Zimmern, in the February number of the Canadian Forum, began by accusing his opponent, Mr. Escott Reid, of being a dialectician!) It comes out beautifully in the moral fervour of Messrs. Tarr and McWilliams in their recent radio discussion in Winnipeg with Professor Lower,\* though they rather got in one another's way by being one of them morally fervent for the League of Nations and the other for the British Empire. It can be discerned in the slightly indignant sermons which our elder last-war-time statesmen preach to a slightly cynical younger next-war-time generation.

The pattern which all these gentlemen discover in present-day Europe is an alignment of the peoples of that continent into the just and the unjust, the righteous and the sinners. And the moral which they draw from this analysis is that it is our "plain duty" (the phrase is Professor Zimmern's) to embark on another crusade for the establishment of justice and righteousness over there. St. George is once again challenging the dragon in his lair. Are we going to join the European St. George or are we going to remain ignominiously here at home, sunk in our North American materialism?

That a Canadian statesman might possibly conceive that there was a moral duty imposed upon him to keep his people out of another European slaughter

is a thought which all of these moral crusaders would repudiate with scorn. *Dulce et decorum est pro Europa mori.*

There are several different versions in which this European crusade is now being presented to the Canadian public in the ever more frequent sales-talks with which we are being bombarded. One of these versions—as enunciated by Sir Alfred Zimmern and Sir Norman Angell—is that it is a case of whether we are for the Rule of Law in international affairs or not. To this a simple reply would seem to be to ask, the Rule of What Law? The rule of law to which we are accustomed in English-speaking countries, and to which appeal is always made as an example, has two characteristics which are notably absent in the international sphere. The first is that it is, by and large, a law which is imposed by consent. The principle was laid down in English history as long ago as the reign of Edward I, *quod omnes tangit ab omnibus approbetur*. The second is that it is a law which can be continuously adjusted, by general consent, to new conditions and new needs. The rule of law for which we are asked to sacrifice, if necessary, more Canadian lives in Europe, has neither of these characteristics. The law which dominates the European situation at present is an unjust settlement imposed by force in 1919; and it may as well be honestly admitted that the League provides no effective machinery by which that law can be changed through peaceful methods. We are asked to have faith that, if we back up the makers of that law in another crisis, they will suddenly display, after the crisis has been settled again in their favour, a generosity and flexibility of mind which will remove all difficulties and injustices.

**A**NOTHER version of the St. George against the Dragon crusade is that Europe today is divided into two camps of democratic versus fascist peoples, and of course it is our duty to rush to the support of the democracies. The difficulty about this analysis is that the democratic states, Britain and

\* This discussion over the air on January 23rd and 30th last has been printed in pamphlet form by the League of Nations Society, Ottawa, and should be read by every Canadian.



France, are certain to have on their side Jugo-Slavia and Roumania who are anything but democratic, that they may have Poland, and that they may even have Italy if they are willing to pay her a higher bribe than she can get from Germany (in which case, of course, Mussolini would cease to be a Dragon and would be restored to that position of respectability which he held in the minds of all right-thinking Canadians before September, 1935). Is it not more realistic to see the alignment in Europe at present as one between the states who support the status quo and those who want to revise it? If it wouldn't shock our elder statesmen too much one might suggest that another way of putting this is to say that Europe is divided between the retired burglars and the would-be burglars. Incidentally, the U.S.S.R. is profiting from some very successful burglary by czarist Russia in the nineteenth century.

A third way in which the clear moral issue is being presented to us is to picture it as a struggle to maintain the Collective System against an aggressor. But none of the great powers who now preach the collective system to us have ever shown much faith in it themselves. Geneva is a facade behind which Britain and France pursue, and have steadily pursued since 1920, purely nationalistic policies. It would be wearisome to repeat once more the many instances of this. What needs to be emphasized just now is that the support of the Collective System to which we are about to be invited with increasing insistence is a support involving military sanctions. In a Europe which is frantically arming no lesser support from us will be considered adequate. It is dishonest to preach the moral duty of backing the Collective System without explaining that we may have to back it to the limit.

The plain truth is that what we are witnessing in Europe today is a complete revival of the balance-of-power system of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it was only the eye of faith which could discern anything else in its place even in the rosier years of the 1920's. All European statesmen are today acting on purely Machiavellian calculations of power and security. Every move which they make, while it may be aimed at the maintenance of peace, is also actuated by a concern that, if peace does not result from it, the ensuing war will find them in a more favourable position than if they had not made the move. It is probably true that they all want peace, at least for the moment. But as someone remarked in the troubled years before 1914, when the European statesmen of that day went to bed each night, they prayed not 'Give peace in our time, O Lord' but 'Give peace on our terms, O Lord!' They are still repeating the same prayer. The terms on which France and Germany want peace are mutually incompatible, and so sooner or later they will have recourse to war.

**T**HERE is no morality in this business on one side or on the other. It is simply an intricate chess game of power politics. A balance-of-power system, which seems to be the only system of which the European states are capable, is a stable (and therefore peaceful) system when the balance is tilted so far down on one side that the other side cannot introduce enough counter-weights to upset it. It becomes unstable as the balance becomes more even. When it is almost exactly even, and a little weight

may tilt it to one side or the other, then war is to be expected. The European balance was stable during the 1920's when Germany was helpless. (Our moralists called it a Collective System then). Hitler has made it unstable in the 1930's not because he is immoral but because he threatens to be powerful.

But, of course, if we try to stay out of Europe, we shall drift into the orbit of the United States. And here is the final, unanswerable clear moral issue. Any sacrifice of men and money in Europe would obviously be justified to keep us free from American influence. So let us prepare for the crusade. We have yet time to do it in a style befitting our national dignity. For they say that Germany will not be ready to fight till 1937 or 1938 at the earliest.

## Outmoded Wisdom

### Or The Diversions of the Seven Sages

#### I. Pittacus

Endure, my soul, endure and be thou dumb,  
Knowing, though this be ill, yet worse will come.

#### II. Solon

Set me his statue up in alabaster  
Who ends one single day without disaster.

#### III. Thales

Men mock the foolish wisdom of the wise;  
Moles think men over-rate the worth of eyes.

#### IV. Bias

Two wrongs won't make a right: the odds are long  
That two rights, though, will make at least one  
wrong.

#### V. Periander

Tell not your voters, "Thus you gain your ends,"  
My statesman; tell them, "Thus you spite your  
friends."

#### VI. Cleobulus

To bring mine enemy down in black despair,  
I prayed, "May the gods grant his every prayer."

#### VII. Anacharsis

Why, they're all cynics! What's a cynic, then?  
—A man that can enjoy his fellow-men.

L. A. M.



The Canadian Forum

# APOLOGY FOR THE PRESS

JOHN FAIRFAX

**T**HOSE who criticize our Canadian newspapers as such fall roughly into three classes. One accuses our papers of being reactionary: defenders of the established order, biased friends of big business. Another charges them with being too 'popular': panderers to the proletariat, disseminators of subversive ideas. A third class denounces the papers for having any bias at all; more impartiality, more objectivity in our news is their desideratum. The only really satisfied readers are those who look to their newspaper, not for news, but for entertainment. For if our Canadian newspapers can be said to have attained any excellence at all, it is in catering to the tastes of those who seek entertainment in newspapers. Whether this kind of entertainment is worth seeking is another matter.

This does not mean that the newspapers themselves are divided into corresponding classes. There are, of course, differences in the degree to which particular newspapers qualify for the blame of these respective critics. But even the Montreal Gazette, which can usually be depended upon to see that Sir Herbert Holt gets the news treatment that is in accord with the position to which God has called him, may sometimes fall short of the zeal expected by St. James Street. And even the Toronto Star, generally understood to be sympathetic to the cause of labor, may show a strange coolness towards a commission investigating a big advertiser's business, or evince too flattering an interest in the career of a plutocrat. But generally speaking, those who condemn our press as reactionary embrace all our newspapers in their anathema, and believe that even the more 'liberal' papers have their price; while those who think of the press as disgustingly and traitorously 'popular' are never quite satisfied even with those which they had sometimes thought to be 'right-minded' and 'fair'.

It must not be thought that party politics have anything to do with the matter. There are avowedly Liberal and Conservative papers in Canada, as well as Independents; the two former categories show violent partisanship in both their news and editorial columns, particularly at election times. But these blusterings cancel off, and are not worth discussing. The criticisms I am considering are based on real issues, not fictitious ones. And it will be instructive to examine their validity.

**I**t will help if we consider first the criticism that our newspapers are not 'objective' enough. This school would have news reporting, news selection and news display completely unbiased. But this is humanly impossible. There is, in the first place, no such thing as an unbiased human being. A man may seek to be tolerant of others' beliefs and views; he can never be wholly unbiased. Heredity, environment, education, whatever shapes his mind and personality, ensure that he will take sides on every matter of importance. It might seem that a news reporter, dealing presumably with facts alone, could attain an objectivity that would transcend his personal bias. But rarely are all the facts obtain-

able; and even if they were, and leaving out mere space considerations, a certain amount of selection, analysis and synthesis must be made. This evaluation, taking place in the mind of even the most tolerant of skilled observers, is conditioned by the subtle influence of the individual's mind and temperament. Another and perhaps a different bias is brought to bear by the man who edits the reporter's story; by the man who selects the story from among other stories for the day's grist of news; by the man who captions it and determines its relative prominence in the paper. And all these men are directly or indirectly influenced by the general policy of the paper or papers for which the news is written.

There is little need to labor this point. A completely unbiased newspaper does not exist today, and probably never will exist unless the human mind undergoes a sea change at present hardly conceivable. This is to beg and answer the question: Are our newspapers biased? Of course they are. But in which direction? Which of the critics is right? Those who sneer or storm at our newspapers as being 'popular'—shameless trucklers to the passions and prejudices of the propertyless; or those who complain that they openly or secretly support the vested rights of the owning classes?

One way of answering this question is to ask: Who pays the piper? For even though the paymaster does not openly call the tune, he will in all probability have something to do with selecting the band instruments, a subtler but equally effective way of controlling the quality of the music.

**A**S everyone knows, it is the advertiser who pays the news piper (if one may be pardoned the inescapable pun). And the advertiser is Business—in all its ramifications, from that small but rugged individualist, the independent retailer, up through the great chain merchandisers and department stores to our leading manufacturers, both indigenous and international. It is not at all necessary to point to known or suspected instances of direct interference by advertisers to prove that business, through its advertising, profoundly affects the bias of our newspapers. Such instances, as a matter of fact, are comparatively rare. One may chuckle at Mr. Bennett's revelation in parliament that a large retail advertiser had withdrawn his advertising from a Toronto paper because of that paper's treatment of the price spreads investigation, a revelation which gave The Globe courage to announce itself as the victim. One may also smile at the action of the same paper in contradicting and retracting its own editorial likening (if only in a Pickwickian sense) the Conservative party to a skunk. (Many important advertisers are Conservatives). One may hesitate to believe that it was solely because a certain merchant prince professes the same party sympathies as another Toronto paper that this paper showed considerable editorial hostility to the Stevens investigation, and corresponding jubilation over the minority report. There are feuds and vendettas even within the ranks of business,

and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Retail Merchants' Association do not always lie down in peace together.

But these are only straws, inconvenient weather-vanes which pop up at rare intervals to mock the loud protestations of editors that their news and editorial columns are beyond the base contamination of filthy lucre. As long as newspaper are financed mainly by advertising, they must be kind to advertisers or risk the forfeiture of their patronage. It may be a negative kindness—a mere forbearance, a tacit acceptance of the postulates of business. There have been cases where a newspaper, grown fat on advertising and the provision of entertainment for the populace, has defied a particular advertiser and risked serious loss of revenue. But no newspaper can afford to defy all advertisers. And since all advertisers together represent the world of competitive individualism in which we live, newspapers must by the very conditions of their survival, support (or at best refrain from aggressively challenging) this world.

**I**N this respect, all our newspapers are in the same boat. And since neither of our traditional political parties attempts to challenge the underlying basis of this world of competitive individualism, our newspapers can afford to call themselves Conservative or Liberal without any great risk to their fortunes. Since the Outs of today may be the Ins of tomorrow, whatever favor can be expected to accrue from political patronage is likely to come their way in the long run in any case. The ones who call themselves 'Independent' may adhere to no political party, but they are still dependent—upon the patronage of competitive business. What none of them can afford to do is to attack the whole basis upon which our profit-economy rests.\*

I wonder how many of the critics of our daily press have considered this restriction under which the press labors. If they had, instead of attacking the newspapers their sympathy would go out to them. Consider, for instance, the case of the publisher disturbed by social injustice and beginning to question the adaptability of our historic competitive individualism to present needs. What is his position? He can give a show to news about labor or progressive movements, to reports of radical speeches, to interviews with observers who have found Russia not quite the hell pictured by our Bennetts and our Burtons. He can allow contributors to preach Socialist or other subversive doctrines over their own names or pen names. He can even permit his editorial writers to be mildly critical of specific injustices in our present economic and social system. And he can justify all this (if his paper has reached popularity by catering to the entertainment tastes of the multitude and so become an advertising medium that cannot be ignored) by stressing his 'independence' of party or sect, his policy of giving all the news that's fit to print, without fear or favor, and all opinions a show. But there is still a line he cannot cross. If his columns become on the one hand too 'highbrow' by presuming to place news before

entertainment, he will lose circulation, and hence advertising. And if he expresses too many doubts about the sanctity of rugged individualism, he may lose advertising anyway, be his circulation ever so large. But be sure that if he do both, and (being already in disfavor with big business) rumors of his declining fortunes get abroad, the wolves will turn and rend him. He must steer, at best, a middle course, or be damned.

**T**HERE are plenty of newspapers with no doubts about God being in his heaven and all right with the business world, waiting to pounce upon whatever crumbs may be swept from the rich publisher's table. And if, in the course of a quarrel between the rich man and his Sovereign, a live goose who lays golden eggs is whisked into the pauper-publisher's lap, the latter can be counted upon to be a good poet laureate. Thus, you see, it behooves our publisher with too wide sympathies to watch his step. What the Toronto Star loses, the Toronto Telegram is only too willing to take, and pay for with due mede of praise. And if the Toronto Globe can get some of what the Toronto Mail receives as a matter of course, and get it by the simple procedure of refraining from calling the Conservative party a skunk, who is to quarrel with The Globe?

Thus it will be seen that the policy of 'being fair to business' in the news columns and of withholding too much editorial sympathy for the oppressed citizen is not so much a seeking to be 'objective' or 'unbiased' as it is a condition imposed upon successful, or would-be successful, Canadian newspapers by the facts of life.

It is worth remembering, too, that most foreign news comes to our Canadian newspapers from the great newsgathering agencies which are co-operative associations of the newspapers themselves. Such news, also, is bound to have whatever bias the newspapers themselves have, however anxious the foreign correspondents may be to be strictly factual and impartial. And if the Associated Press (a group of United States newspapers) should, in its evaluation of news written for these papers and condensed for Canadian consumption, prove even less sympathetic to the common citizen and more kindly to the powerful one than its sister the Canadian Press, what can our Canadian publisher do? Maintaining a worldwide newsgathering organization is a costly enterprise, and not to be lightly undertaken by a group of Canadian publishers who after all are not (as the saying goes) in business for their health.

**F**OR remember that the Canadian newspaper publisher is himself a business man with large investments at stake. Do not blame him for sweating his labor and following the good old custom of getting as much as he can for as little. In a competitive world, in which highly capitalized newspapers are struggling with each other for wealth and influence (can a newspaper be a power for good unless it has influence?) who will call the publisher to task for paying his help, particularly his non-unionized reporters, as little as they will take and working them for as long hours as they will stand? Is he to blame that youthful enthusiasm and literary ambition are so plentiful? Why should he not take these youngsters, perhaps just out of university and anxious and willing to come to him, and keep them, drunk with the glamor of The Press, toiling all day

\*In this connection, see an interesting article, The Development of National Political Parties in Canada, by Professor F.H. Underhill in The Canadian Historical Review for December, 1935 (p. 367).



and far into the night for wages at which their less talented but more realistic colleagues of the typographical unions sneer? For if some of these youngsters, frightened by the prospect of an old age spent at a 'copy' desk or clipping exchanges, in the event that 'the great Canadian novel' never gets written, at last throw up their jobs and enter the bond business—are there not plenty more coming out of the cradle? And if the publisher's advertising solicitors, though not unionized, get better pay than the reporters, are they not worth it? They do not bring home the news, but they bring home the bacon! Think what it costs to run a big newspaper—the pictures, the comic strips, the features, the charity drives, the great printing presses, the forests of white paper—these must be paid for. And they are paid for, of course, not by news, not by the shower of coppers from the newspaper readers' pockets, but by advertising.

**W**ELL may we pity, then, the plight of the publisher disposed to follow the lines of greatest resistance in this world in which we live. For that resistance is wide and powerful, even when inert. He can no more ignore it than our teachers can ignore the fact that our educational institutions are paid for by the state or by a class, both concerned with seeing that our young are brought up 'right minded'. We can change the character of our press, as we can change the character of our schools, only by changing the character of our government and of our society.

Meanwhile, we shall continue to have impecunious organs of protest (as biased, of course, as our 'official' press), just as we have teachers of conviction and courage prepared to fight for the right of interpretation in our schools at the risk of their own decapitation. We can never have an unbiased press. But neither can we have a free press while its revenues are derived from those who seek to perpetuate their own privilege. As long as we permit this privilege to continue, our newspapers will remain as they are. It is idle to criticize the press; we really have the kind of press we deserve.

## Tree of Life

The entrance to the enchanted land,  
The country of the Sidhe,  
Is hard to find;  
For men are blind,  
They cannot understand  
Or see,  
Being bound by fear and low desire.  
From birth's dawn even to the night of death  
They walk in high-banked ways,  
Knowing nought of the high places  
Where the winds range in the wide spaces,  
Where burns the star-fire,  
And the Tree of Life  
Grows in the Garden of the Gods,  
In the enchanted land,  
The country of the Sidhe.

The folk-ways are straight and narrow,  
They are measured by time and space,  
Walled in by custom.  
Those who walk in them

Speak of hours and days and years,  
They think of miles and leagues.  
But the way to the enchanted land,  
The country of the Sidhe,  
Is a labyrinthine way,  
It coils like a serpent.  
He who treads it loses all sense of time and space.  
He comes at last to lie at the heart of life,  
Coiled like a serpent,  
Like a foetus in the womb  
Thence with sore travail  
He is thrust forth  
With new-born senses  
Into a new world,  
Into the enchanted land,  
The country of the Sidhe.

He stands naked upon the high places,  
His senses are like the strings of a harp,  
He passes through the seven Gates,  
Dragons and lions are his friends;  
Midir flings his cloak about him  
And brings him to the Mountain  
Where grows the seven-branched Tree  
In the heart of the Garden of the Gods,  
In the enchanted land,  
The country of the Sidhe.

This is the Song of the Tree,  
The Song that the stars sing  
In the enchanted land,  
The country of the Sidhe.

The seven branches of the Tree  
Are clothed with living green,  
It burns too awefully to be  
By mortal vision seen.

It has no colour, sound or smell  
That human sense can name,  
Yet subtlest sounds and colours dwell  
In its still and windless flame.

Its roots are wrapt about the heart  
Of ancient secret things,  
And in its sap the pulses start  
That beat in music's wings.

Its silver columned majesty  
In living sinuous swell  
Sustains the brooding mystery  
Its seven branches tell;

For they enfold the mysteries  
Behind the things that seem,  
And offer to the opened eyes  
The blood-red fruit of dream.

This is the Song of the Tree,  
The Song that the stars sing,  
In the enchanted land,  
In the country of the Sidhe.

MERLIN.



# Canada and League Sanctions

ESCOTT REID

**P**ROFESSOR Norman MacKenzie writes in the March number of the CANADIAN FORUM that my articles in the two preceding numbers were "misleading and inaccurate." In my reply this month I shall confine myself to his criticism of my article in the January number, Canada and the Abyssinian Crisis.

It is only the first half of this article which Professor MacKenzie criticizes. He quotes the following extract from it:

"Thus there were three cardinal presuppositions under which Canada accepted the sanctions articles of the Covenant: first, that the League was to be substantially universal; second, that the League, under Article 19, would provide effective machinery for remedying international grievances; third, that the League, under Article 8, would effect a substantial reduction in the armaments of the world."

He follows this quotation with the assertion, "Legally this is not true. . . . Canada ratified the Covenant without reservations of any kind". But I never said that Canada made any "reservations". I talked of "presuppositions", and I imagine that the reason Professor MacKenzie unintentionally substituted "reservations" for "presuppositions" is that he would find it difficult to deny that Canada, like most if not all the other original members of the League, accepted the Covenant under certain presuppositions, even if they were not those I mentioned and even if they do not provide legal grounds for Canada to claim today release from the sanctions obligations of Article 16.

Certainly it would be impossible to dismiss lightly the following opinion given two years ago by Sir John Fischer Williams, one of the leading British authorities on the Covenant. "The cardinal presupposition under which the Covenant was accepted (by Great Britain) was that the League was to be substantially universal and certainly that it was to include the United States".

Note that the expectation that the League would be substantially universal was not mentioned in the British ratification of the Covenant nor is it mentioned in the Covenant itself. Nevertheless we have the high authority of Sir John Fischer Williams for calling it a "presupposition" under which Great Britain accepted the Covenant. It follows from this, I submit, that we have equal or greater reason for calling "presuppositions", the expectation that the League would provide effective machinery for remedying international grievances, and the expectation that it would effect a substantial reduction in the armaments of the world. These expectations, like that of substantial universality for the League, were certainly present in the minds of many governments when they accepted the Covenant; they also, unlike that of substantial universality, found a place in the Covenant itself, in Articles 19 and 8, respectively.

**A**RTICLE 19, as Professor MacKenzie points out, is "permissive and not mandatory". "But", to quote Sir John Fischer Williams again, "the weight or effect of (that) Article does not depend upon any nicety of legal interpretation. Like Article 11 and, to

a great extent, Article 10, Article 19 states and enshrines a principle . . . the principle that no arrangement of the world is sacred for all time, that all arrangements of the world are open to discussion, to criticism, and to the possibility of change". The belief that the League would give effect to this principle enshrined in Article 19 was surely just as much a "presupposition" under which Great Britain and Canada accepted the Covenant as the "presupposition" that "the League was to be substantially universal".

Now what about the "presupposition" that the League would effect a substantial reduction in the armaments of the world? The obligations of Article 8 of the Covenant are, according to Professor MacKenzie, "in the nature of a pious hope". Perhaps this is so but the Covenant is only part of the Treaty of Versailles and the Canadian government stated two years ago that "from a study of the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles in the light of the official interpretation given them by the Allied Powers, certain conclusions may be drawn", of which one is that "an organic connection between German and general disarmament was established. The reduction of German armaments was to precede and make possible a general reduction."

I submit, therefore, that the statement which I made in January that "there were three cardinal presuppositions under which Canada accepted the sanctions articles of the Covenant" is not, as Professor MacKenzie has charged, either "misleading" or "inaccurate" or "legally not true".

**P**ROFESSOR MacKenzie would have been on firmer ground if he had admitted the existence of these three presuppositions, had admitted that they were no longer valid, but had denied that this fact provided good grounds from a strictly legal point of view for Canada to claim release from the sanctions obligations of Article 16. He could have quoted against me Sir John Fischer Williams' remark which follows his statement that Great Britain accepted the Covenant under the presupposition that the League was to be substantially universal.

"It is true that from a strictly legal point of view it is no longer open to us, if ever it was, to declare ourselves not bound by the Covenant on account of the absence of the United States. We have accepted the Covenant, we have made its observation a guiding principle of our policy, and we are fully estopped from any attempt at withdrawal from it on the ground of the absence of the United States".

But even if Professor MacKenzie had quoted this dictum against me, he would not, by so doing, have disposed of my contention. Notwithstanding that the absence of the United States may not by itself provide legal grounds for withdrawal from the sanctions obligations of the Covenant, it is arguable that sufficient legal grounds are provided by the much more fundamental change in circumstances caused by "the absence of three great powers from the League, the failure of the repeated efforts to secure the disarmament contemplated in the Covenant, . . . the unwillingness of League members

to enforce sanctions in the case of countries distant from the European scene"\* and their failure to consider under Article 19 solutions to international conditions which menace world peace. The first three of these points were used by the Canadian government, in its statement of October 29th, 1935, as justifying its traditional policy of refusing to make "general commitments in advance to apply either economic or military sanctions".\* They, and the fourth point, could have been used on that occasion as justifying a refusal by the Canadian government to co-operate in applying sanctions against Italy until the Permanent Court of International Justice had passed upon its plea that the fundamental change in circumstances which had occurred between 1919 and 1935 made the sanctions obligations of Article 16 no longer binding upon it. In other words the Canadian government had sufficient grounds, if it had cared to take advantage of them, to invoke the doctrine of *rebus sic stantibus* and to refuse to take part in sanctions until the validity of its plea had been passed upon by the Permanent Court—if any other member of the League cared to take the matter to that Court. Canada was therefore, as I said in my January article, "in October, 1935, . . . perfectly free to decide for herself what policy she should adopt (on sanctions) regardless of the obligations she was supposed to have assumed under Article 16 of the Covenant."

**C**ERTAINLY it cannot be disputed that the Canadian government would have had no difficulty in proving that the changes in circumstances between 1919 and 1935 had fundamentally affected the character of the sanctions obligations she had then assumed. It is one thing for a substantially universal League to enforce sanctions against a recalcitrant member or non-member; it is quite a different thing for a League which does not contain three great powers to enforce sanctions. It is one thing to enforce sanctions in a world where there has taken place a substantial reduction of national armaments; it is quite a different thing to enforce sanctions in a heavily armed world. It is one thing to enforce sanctions against a state which goes to war instead of seeking a peaceful solution to its problems. It is another thing to enforce sanctions against a state which has good grounds for believing that it has been denied a peaceful solution to its problems.

Even if "from the strictly legal point of view" these arguments are not valid, Canada had, according to Sir John Fischer Williams, a right in October, 1935, "to say, politically, that international engagements must be considered in the light of the circumstances in which a demand for their enforcement arises as contrasted with the circumstances in which they were undertaken". There might, I submit, follow from this a "right" to say "politically" that, in the interests of the League, Canada refused to participate in sanctions against Italy unless, to quote my January article, "the members of the League first demonstrated that they were willing to make a serious attempt to discover a peaceful solution of Italy's real problems".

\*Statement given to the press by the Secretary of State for External Affairs, October 29th, 1935 (Documents Relating to the Italo-Ethiopian Conflict, King's Printer, Ottawa, 1936, p. 166).

According to Professor Lauterpacht, the Permanent Court of International Justice has on occasions, when rendering decisions on cases involving an interpretation of the Covenant, overridden the letter of the Covenant "in a determined effort to see the purpose of the Covenant fulfilled". What is a good rule for the Permanent Court might also be a good rule for the government of Canada. I have no doubt that, if Mr. MacKenzie were firmly convinced that the adoption by the Canadian government of a certain course of action was in the interests of world peace, he would heartily advocate that course of action. He would not be dissuaded from so doing by a strictly legal argument that attempted to prove that that course of action was contrary to one of the Articles of the Covenant. He would very properly say that the letter of the Covenant should, if necessary, be overridden, in order that the purposes of the Covenant might be fulfilled. Perhaps from a strictly legal point of view and certainly from a strictly moral point of view no one could criticize him in coming to this conclusion. And for the same reason it is difficult from a strictly legal point of view and impossible from a strictly moral point of view for Professor MacKenzie or anyone else to criticize those who say today that Canada should not last October have agreed, or should not in the future agree, to apply sanctions against an aggressor unless the members of the League give concrete evidence of their willingness to provide a remedy for the economic and psychological maladies of the dissatisfied powers.

**P**ROFESSOR MacKenzie concludes his criticism of my first article by stating, "the truth of the matter is that . . . the only way to avoid liability is to get out of the League . . . before the liabilities arise or occur." May I conclude this reply by pointing out that apparently the government of Canada would quarrel with this conclusion of Professor MacKenzie's. Certainly it would appear from the statement made last October by the Secretary of State for External Affairs (Mr. King) that the Canadian government is contemplating the possibility of avoiding liabilities which may arise in the future should sanctions once again be imposed against an aggressor, and is yet not planning to get out of the League. Unless the government is contemplating that possibility there is no particular point to the greater part of the statement it made last October.

The argument implicit in that statement is very similar to the argument which I advanced in my article in the January Forum. The main difference between the government and myself is that the government did not apply the argument to the Italo-Ethiopian dispute. They are apparently keeping it in reserve for the next dispute or the one after that. When that dispute arises it would appear not at all improbable that the Canadian government will refuse to participate in the application of League sanctions and will back up its refusal by a statement along the following lines (the quotations are from Mr. King's statement of October 29th, 1935, in which Canada declared she would co-operate in the application of sanctions against Italy).

"Successive Canadian governments have opposed the view that the League's central purpose should be to guarantee the territorial status quo and to



rely upon force for the maintenance of peace . . . The absence of three great powers from the League, the failure of repeated efforts to secure the disarmament contemplated in the Covenant, and the unwillingness of League members to enforce sanctions in the case of countries distant from the European scene", have made it more than ever undesirable for the League to apply economic and military sanctions in every war. The Canadian government in October, 1935, approved of the application of economic sanctions against Italy but it specifically stated at that time that "the government's course . . . in this instance is not to be regarded as necessarily establishing a precedent for future action." The government at that time pointed out also that there were peculiar circumstances which led it to co-operate in applying sanctions against Italy—"an earnest effort [was] being made with wide support to test the feasibility of preventing or at least terminating war by the use of economic sanctions, . . . there [was] no room for doubt as to where the responsibility rested for the outbreak of war", the accredited representatives of Canada at the Assembly had accepted "the conclusion that Italy had resorted to war in violation of its obligations under Article XII of the Covenant, and were considered thereby to have accepted the obligation of applying against Italy sanctions as provided under Article XVI of the Covenant". Those circumstances were peculiar to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. They are not present in the present dispute between X and Y. The Canadian government does not feel therefore that participation in economic sanctions against Y is a policy "appropriate for a country in the geographic and economic position of the Dominion. [It would neither] insure unity and common consent in Canada . . . [nor] the advancement of peace abroad."

## The Leaven in the Lump

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

**T**HE short films, only one reel or two reels in length, are neglected today by the commercial theatre. You find them, pressed like the meat in a sandwich, between feature films. Sometimes the banality of these shorts or 'fillers', as they are called, disgusts you, but, quite as often, you are amazed by their excellence.

These short films are the hope of the cinema. A moment's reflection will show why. After all, it only requires a few thousand dollars to produce a one-reel film. In making them, independent producers can experiment with new devices in abstract photography, in cartoons, in imaginative documentary pictures. The large producers, on the other hand, are hopelessly hamstrung by their own wealth. They have immense investments, they must make large returns. This they can only do by producing feature pictures, which cost from fifty thousand to half a million dollars, and it is dangerous to be original when you are spending a fortune. Feature films, on the whole, must conform to some smooth, well-tested formula, which long experience has proved to be useful in drawing the masses to the movie houses. Occasionally, of course, a large producer does do something new. It may be by chance, it may not. For example, a film with an opera for a

background is turned out. It happens to be a box-office success. Every other motion picture company from Hollywood to Elstree immediately seizes upon the idea. They also will sell operatic features. So ad nauseam, for months we are deluged with good singers and bad, making love, making high tragedy.

If it had not been for one-reel films, we should never have had Walt Disney and his Silly Symphonies. In them also, that splendid humourist Robert Benchley has had a chance to show his wit, as his famous picture, *How to Sleep*, proves. Even in Canada the story is the same, only more true, for in this country no one has yet had the resources to produce worthwhile feature films. But that Montreal creation, *Rhapsody in Two Languages*, testifies that Canadians can devise imaginative and highly competent shorts. Then, we read that in England, a group of young directors has broken away from the large companies in order to form their own production unit, which will provide 'screen journalism' instead of 'screen fiction', that is to say that they will create documentary pictures dealing with the normal life and activities of people.

**U**NFORTUNATELY the distributors by fostering the vogue of double feature programs in commercial houses are stifling the market for shorts. As long as most of the theatres in Great Britain, in the United States and in Canada continue to show two full length motion pictures every evening, then we can hardly hope to see many of the excellent short subjects which independent companies are making today.

John Grierson, the well-known English director, head of the film production unit of the British Post Office, has become noticeably alarmed by the development. In a letter to the editor of *Sight and Sound*, the organ of the British Films Institute, he writes concerning double features: "The show people have their own good business reasons for developing it and our arguments will make no difference to the issue. The Mohawks of the combines are on the hunt. They are after the scalps of the independent exhibitors." He adds that by throwing out the short film from the theatrical programs, the combines hinder attempts by theatre managers to make film programs satisfactory to people of artistic purpose. With shorts, explains Grierson, the theatre manager can give "leaven to the program—that little something which makes all the difference in depth. . . . In the present situation it may not seem a quality worth saving, yet it may in the long view mean all the difference between social loyalty to the theatres and social disregard of them."



# Nervousness and Nervous Breakdown

J. MARKOWITZ

**A**LL Gawd's chillun got nerves: the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker; the poet and peasant; the millionaire and the person on relief. However, an individual is actually said to be nervous or to have a nervous breakdown when his reactions to life are so bizarre or so exaggerated as to be a great departure from the average, and to be a great vexation to him and even a cause of incapacitation. Sometimes such people are so intensely miserable as to attempt suicide. There is an extraordinary amount of nervousness in big cities today.

While nervousness is partly hereditary, it is in the last analysis precipitated by extreme unhappiness. There will be but few neurotics in Utopia. The prevention of nervous breakdown is today largely impractical as long as people are brought up to be proud, honest, sensitive and intelligent, for inasmuch as most unhappiness is due to financial stringency, to frustration, and humiliation, such a program of mental hygiene must mark time until the economic situation changes. Nevertheless a discussion of the various types of nervousness is not without interest to a student of human nature; for each is an exaggeration of some phase of the human personality.

Five common types of nervousness or neurosis may be described. They are not sharply differentiated from each other and sometimes a patient presents features pertaining to them all. They are: anxiety neurosis, compulsion neurosis, neurasthenia, melancholia and hysteria. Each will be briefly described in turn. It will be necessary to illustrate the description by case histories which are sufficiently fictitious to disguise the identity of the victim. However, the fictitious element in no way detracts from the accuracy of the psychological picture.

Anxiety neurosis, especially chronic anxiety neurosis, is the commonest type of nervousness today. Man in common with animals is emotional. Modern psychology is inclined to regard the emotions as depending upon certain instincts and instinctive behaviour patterns. Thus, the emotion of fear, for example, depends upon the instinct of self preservation. Most people can remember when as children they were afraid of being alone, especially in the dark. Most people are terrified of going up a great height on a fire escape, although they show no aversion to going up to the top of the Royal York Hotel in an elevator, and looking out of the window. These are perfectly normal reactions. But when a person will not go up as high as the fifth story in an elevator, or will not stay at home alone under any circumstances, and is terrified at the very idea, or will not go shopping alone, or in a few extreme cases will not even go to the bathroom alone, or must leave the door open, then we are definitely dealing with a person who is nervous or is a candidate for a nervous breakdown.

The future looks doubtful to people with chronic anxiety neurosis. They may have attacks of faintness during which they state they feel frightened, terrified, but are unable to name the cause or

nature of their fears. They may be unable to face crowds, and the unhappy sufferer is doomed to a period of mental illness, confined with a companion, fainting several times a day, harassed by doubts as to the wisdom of all the decisions concerning his (or more often her) every-day affairs, in tears a good proportion of the time, terrified to go for a walk or even for a drive in a taxi-cab, terrified of the crowd in a movie, and so on.

**T**HE emotions of these people are an exaggeration of normal danger-reactions, and show up as a profound and pathetic alteration of personality. Such people sleep poorly, and what sleep they get is disturbed by terrifying dreams involving absurd and crazy situations; so that when it is time to get up, they feel unrefreshed.

All normal people have occasional aches and pains, without these causing any great alarm. But a patient with anxiety neurosis here again displays an exaggerated danger reaction; every pain becomes a symptom of possible cancer; and, feeling as he does, chronically out of sorts anyway, he forever imagines he has high blood pressure, heart trouble, duodenal ulcer, cancer of the abdomen, syphilis, arthritis, or brain tumor. Especially common is the feeling that he is going insane. In his fear to omit no symptom that might help the physician diagnose his case, the patient writes notes of his subjective sensations on little slips of paper, which he consults during his visit to the doctor's office. A patient who produces three closely written sheets of notes about his ailment may be safely considered as neurotic in advance of the medical examination. Such patients may have been told on numerous previous visits that they are hypersensitive to pain and that they are to disregard future symptoms of a similar nature, but while such counsel is reassuring for the moment, in a month or two, or even sooner, the patients shamefacedly return with a new development. "I'm sorry, doctor; I can't help it; the anguish I go through isn't worth the cost of the examination."

(i) A young married woman was brought to her physician in a state of great terror; she felt that she was dying then and there. Careful examination disclosed nothing to justify this fear. She was moderately nervous until two weeks ago when she accidentally locked herself in the toilet of a downtown restaurant. Somehow the lock had gotten jammed; she became hysterical and the door had to be broken open by a workman summoned for the purpose. It took months for this patient to get over her sense of impending death.

(ii) An ex-army officer came to his doctor complaining of aches in various parts of the body which he was certain indicated the early stages of chronic arthritis. He used to worry much about the health of his eyes or his genitals and it required periodic visits to his physician to reassure him there was no basis for his fears. During the war he was decorated for bravery. He had contracted a venereal disease while on leave and his attitude towards life had never been the same since. After resuming civilian life he was incapable of holding steady employment. His life was a continual anxiety about his health.

This man's case illustrates that fear of death is not to be defined in terms of bravery or cowardice. A brave man is one who will risk or even give his



life for a just cause. To want desperately to live when life is a pleasant flow of consciousness is not a question of cowardice; it is a biological fact.

(iii) A little woman consulted her doctor because of frequent pain in her ear for months, which she felt was probably due to cancer. She was quite apprehensive that this diagnosis would be confirmed by the medical examination. However, it was perfectly obvious that there was nothing seriously wrong with her ear and after getting her confidence the doctor received a tale of successive emotional injuries. Some years ago she was subjected to a severe abdominal operation which rendered her permanently childless, and as so often happens she thereafter longed for a child. In addition to this type of emotional hunger she developed the feeling that her husband was unfaithful, chiefly because he was cold to her. The true explanation was that he, poor man, was nearly frantic with financial difficulties which had beset them since the depression. They had lost their home; work was unsteady and the future was uncertain.

**A** SECOND type of nervous breakdown which is a directly linear outgrowth of normal mental processes, has come to be known as compulsion neurosis. When we hear a catchy tune which keeps running through our head, we are suffering from a compulsion. Normally, it ceases to distract us in a day or two (i.e. it stops compelling attention, i.e. it is no longer a compulsion). When Dean Swift touched every post on his way to mail a letter to Stella, he displayed a compulsion; for if he missed a post, he retraced his steps to include it. Obsessive ideas that keep recurring for several days; phrases that for a while we keep repeating to ourselves—these are not abnormal examples of compulsions. But when they persistently keep entering consciousness, or when bizarre or lewd or dangerous compulsions assail a person, he becomes the victim of an unpleasant or even terrible disease, much more dreadful to him than insanity, since the victim knows what he is doing or thinking and cannot help himself; and only by the greatest will power can he control the more dangerous compulsions of an anti-social or even homicidal nature. Police courts, for example, are familiar with the kleptomaniac, who has an irresistible compulsion to steal. Some cases of irrepressible drunkenness are due to a compulsion to drink and drink (dipsomania).

(i) An intelligent middle-aged woman who was nearly frantic about her financial status came to her doctor in great desperation complaining that she had an almost irresistible urge to jump out of the window of her bed-room which was on the second storey. She slept badly, was very tired, but managed to take care of her household. Accordingly her bed-room was moved to the ground floor, and she was forbidden to go upstairs unaccompanied. She now developed a terrible urge to slash her children with a knife, and the constant repression of this impulse exhausted her. She was relieved of her responsibility in the kitchen, put to bed, and appropriate treatment instituted. On her recovery she resumed her duties as cook for her family; but she now developed a continuous feeling that she had neglected to add seasoning to the food—and was forever tasting and retasting her stews and soups to see if they had enough salt. Invariably she ended her daily activities with having made everything too salty to eat.

(ii) A brilliant young student developed the feeling that he was losing his ability to write legibly. The onset of his illness dated from the moment his parents began to be in difficult straits financially. The strenuous efforts he made to keep his script neat finally resulted in cramp and fatigue of the arm muscles (writer's cramp), which aggravated his dis-

ability considerably and made his script an illiterate looking scrawl. That this was the result of a compulsion was proven by certain other failings that he had; on turning pages in his textbooks he could not get the idea out of his head that he had skipped a page, or that he had neglected to peruse a table, or an illustration, and the constant turning back of pages made his studying an agony. He was usually the last in his household to go to bed, and upon him, therefore, devolved the duty of putting out the lights. It took him half an hour to verify the fact that he had pushed the necessary two or three buttons. The same was true of closing hot water faucets, and his wrists became painful from the violence he exerted to make sure they were tightly closed; and on a number of occasions his family complained that they could hardly be opened after he had used them. When he drove the family car, every time a bump was ridden over, he worried if he had not struck a pedestrian, until in desperation he abandoned motor-ing. After writing his professional examinations, he returned home in a state of mild consternation for fear he had skipped a question; or had neglected to sign his name to his answers; or had written illegally; or had misunderstood what was wanted.

This young man had a distinguished academic record, and before his disability had successfully competed for a scholarship. His life was made miserable by the constant entry into his sphere of consciousness of a doubt that he had neglected to perform some simple routine act that most people perform automatically. No one can realize how complicated is the life of a civilized man until he encounters such a case of compulsion neurosis, where each little act becomes a source of great trial. All his difficulties improved when he was free of worries that were aggravated by financial or other cares.

(iii) A woman in her early fifties came to the doctor complaining that life to her had lost its savour and no longer was worth living; in addition, she had an overwhelming desire to scream, which she occasionally did, and attracted the neighbours. Her whole day was often spent in fighting this urge. She had recently had a severe quarrel with her married son.

(iv) A fat, short young married woman, whose husband had lost his remunerative position, developed the urge to eat and eat, which she ascribed to overpowering hunger. When she gratified this urge she became corpulent and as hideous as a gargoyle. Being of a refined and sensitive nature, she undertook to limit her food intake. For breakfast she took branflakes and milk diluted three times with water; and she took as a beverage, milk similarly diluted. She took a mouthful at 8 a.m., and a mouthful every 3 minutes thereafter, so that her breakfast lasted till 11 a.m. She dragged out all her meals similarly. She was unable to go for a walk without taking some food along, and she avoided movies unless she could take with her some cake and candy. She was advised by her doctor to partake of a non-nourishing diet, one which was incapable of inducing weight gain even if she ate it all day, and she was told to eat all she wanted. Whereupon she developed the compulsion, which she couldn't dislodge, of counting the number of mouthfuls she took, a habit which was largely, though not entirely relieved, when she was advised to read during her meals. Her symptoms improved considerably when her husband suddenly regained his remunerative position, and reappeared when the probability of unemployment became evident.

**NEURASTHENIA**, the third type of nervousness, is a condition characterized by constant and unreasonable fatigue. People with this complaint appear healthy or even robust, but may feel so tired that they are confined to bed. Sometimes the fatigue is purely mental so that the chief complaint is inability to think adequately, in which case the con-



dition is known as psychasthenia. On examination nothing is discovered except slight anaemia and a low blood pressure. This condition nearly always follows a series of disagreeable episodes and situations. Neurotic fatigue, like neurotic nausea, is almost certain to be due to frustration, disappointment, maladjustment, or a succession of catastrophic or at least nerve-wracking events, until some recent calamity precipitates the illness.

During the Mad Tea-Party in Alice in Wonderland the doormouse began telling the story of the three little sisters who lived at the bottom of a well. "What did they live on?" said Alice. "On treacle" was the reply. "It would have made them ill," said Alice. "Of course they were ill," said the doormouse, "frightfully ill". Now the nature of the illness is undisclosed but it was probably neurasthenia and not a digestive disorder. Most people would feel maladjusted living at the bottom of a well on treacle, and maladjustment is perhaps the most powerful cause of neurasthenia.

(i) A professional man consulted his doctor complaining that he couldn't concentrate on his work and that he couldn't read because of painful fatigue of his eyes. He had a sheaf of notes in his hands, which he consulted when detailing his history. He had numerous aches and pains, but what distressed him was the constant feeling that he was fagged out and needed a holiday. His professional activities were not thriving and he was idle most of the time. (This is an example of psychasthenia, with ocular neurasthenia).

(ii) A beautiful young blonde consulted the doctor about her chronic, incurable fatigue. She also complained of frequent outbursts of uncontrollable weeping, together with a generalized shaking of the whole body as though she were having a severe chill. Her father was similarly nervous, but managed to do his work. On a number of occasions she felt so weak that her legs wouldn't support her and she had to stay in bed. She was sleepless unless she took medicine for this disability. She was of a refined and sensitive type, and completely out of place in her home. Her parents and relatives had no sympathy with her "high-falutin" notions, and couldn't understand why she refused proposals of marriage from several eligible suitors. Although when at home she quarrelled frequently with her mother, even one day at light work, away from home, exhausted her for weeks.

(iii) A middle-aged, fattish, plain married woman complained of various aches and pains and general nervousness. She was hypersensitive to noise, had terrific headaches, was tired all the time and was always in a state of emotional tension so that the slightest difficulty would cause a loud remonstrance from her. Her husband had become divorced to marry her and the match was reasonably successful until she lost her good looks. One day she discovered that he was keeping his former wife in another city and that he was spending a fair amount of time with her when he was out of town. There was reason to suppose that his complaint of financial stringency was due to the diverting of the bigger part of the family budget to this other woman. It is not remarkable, therefore, that her nerves had gone to pieces and she cried a good deal of the time.

Melancholia, the fourth type of nervous breakdown, is characterized by overwhelming and disabling sadness so that nothing is worth doing "What must a man do to be saved?" is the cry of the melancholic. Emerson, in one of his essays, has stated that each man regards his own life as a fair page that has been marred and scored by accident and ill circumstances. No one is immune to the occasional feeling of the helplessness of man and the brevity and futility of his career. Hence the uni-

versal appeal of religion and he who cannot accept its premises has a harder time making adjustments to the disappointments of life. The development of religious doubt, or of frank atheism, is a great cause of nervous breakdown, which often takes the form of melancholia. Devout Catholics are only infrequently neurotic. "Come to me all ye that hunger and are heavy laden and I will give you rest". It is characteristic of some nervous people that they turn eagerly to such consolations as religion has to offer and the famous converts of history almost all give good evidence of neurosis. Practically all human sentiments are based on the fiction that the embellishments of life are worth while. In Anatole France's "Thais" there is an account of a meeting between Pamphnutius the monk and Timocles of Cos, a naked melancholic skeptic who vegetated all day partly buried in the sand: in the debate between them the skeptic was by no means bested. From the point of view of cold logic the things that men and women try to accomplish are mere vanity and vexation of spirit, and the writer of the Biblical book, Ecclesiastes, is a good example of a melancholic. Intelligent people must learn to play up to the adornments of life as though they are its very necessities without, however, regarding them as sweeter than life itself. (The latter attitude is the extreme of the artistic temperament. "I profess my readiness" says George Moore in his "Confessions of a Young Man", "to decapitate all the Japanese in Japan and elsewhere to save from destruction one drawing by Hokee"). As is the case with other types of neurosis, melancholia is often due to repeated frustration.

(i) A beautiful sophisticated blonde consulted her doctor because of uncontrollable spells of weeping. Her first husband was a rake and contributed nothing to her support. Things went not too badly until she became too old to keep her job as a model in a large clothing firm. Finally the man she loved and who was to have married her, became a confirmed drunkard, and her nerves went to pieces. "I'm tired of it all," she kept saying.

(ii) A homely maid servant developed prolonged spells of undisguisable sadness, punctuated by attacks of weeping. "It is all right for you to smile and tell me I'll soon be better", she said to her doctor, "You have a home and a career and the respect and affection of people, while I have to spend my life at mending and washing and scrubbing filth".

**T**HE fifth and last type of nervousness is known as hysteria: we are all hysterical. There are many varieties of this illness and even the lower animals, especially dogs, have been known to display hysterical fits. This can become a major and terrifying form of nervousness. It is characterized chiefly by abnormal sensations, activities and paralyses which behave clinically as though the individual has talked himself into the condition. All people are sufficiently hysterical to be made to feel ill by skilful suggestion.

(i) An intelligent woman in her late fifties became very lonesome after she had married off all her children and her husband's business went on the rocks. She developed the feeling that she had wry-neck and she kept twisting her neck to one side until she presented a very terrifying spectacle. That this sickness originated in her own mind was proven by the judicious use of electrical shocks coupled with the suggestion that it would cure her.

(ii) A beautiful young married woman developed convulsions, in which she screamed and shouted.

For days after such an attack she kept her eyes tightly closed and recognized no one. She could always be restored to normal for the time being by prescribing an unpleasant mode of treatment, such as removing her to the wards of a hospital which to her was very distasteful. Her past history was one of progressive financial stringency following considerable affluence. The final blows were the development of a serious illness in her husband and the sudden death of her sister during a confinement. There was considerable sexual unhappiness also in her life.

(iii) A negro who used to be chronically drunk was finally told by his doctor that the next time he got drunk he would die. This put him on the "water wagon" for six years. One night at a wedding he forgot himself and took a stiff drink of whiskey. He immediately collapsed and expected to die on the spot. When the doctor got there he found him frightened, unable to talk, and in a state of overwhelming terror. He was reassured and told that with careful treatment he would survive this time but he was not to repeat the experiment. After a hypodermic of plain water he quickly got better.

(iv) An attractive young Protestant female married a Catholic, against the advice of both families. For a while the marriage was uneventful until he was compelled to go on relief. Since then she developed agonizing pains in her abdomen which required several hypodermics of morphia or of plain water to relieve them. The pains had become unbearable since someone suggested that she might have a brain tumor and she took to screaming in her agony. She was permanently cured of her pain by some impressive flim-flam.

(v) A beautiful young married woman developed attacks of convulsions which terrified her family and the neighbours. She had recently passed through some financial stringency. Before she was married she had many admirers and several offers of marriage. Her present husband pretended to be immune to her charms, whereupon she tried the experiment of having a separate bedroom, which procedure did not call forth any remonstrance from him. She developed the fits as a consequence.

The teachings of Freud have made popular the thesis that sexual frustration is a common cause of nervous breakdown. Pre-marital instruction of men and women can accomplish a good deal here in the way of prevention. Much happiness can be derived from marriage and the institution is probably the basic feature of civilization. It is hence an act of good citizenship to encourage marriage by freeing it from such impediments as are not essential to it (such as having the woman abandon her job; or having the young couple starting up in a separate apartment and accumulating furniture, when the family income is inadequate). There is something wrong with a society that limits marriage to people of a certain economic status.

In addition, men and women must be taught that marriage is like a tree requiring delicate nurture when young but strong and comforting when mature. All young people spend a certain amount of time day-dreaming about an ideal companion who, by the time adolescence is reached, is consistently a member of the opposite sex. Such phantasy about an ideal companion is inevitable in view of the general nature of art, literature and the movies. Usually, however, even after marriage, there is still present a phantasy of an ideal companion, which accounts for the idolization of radio and movie stars. When the disparity between the phantasy and the real object is too great there is a sense of frustration which is especially prominent if there is sexual incompatibility. An extraordinary amount of ner-

vousness in women is a result of such maladjustment.

**T**HIS is not the place to discuss the treatment of nervous breakdown, except to point out that the ideal treatment is often beyond the doctor's control, since it entails removal of the cause. Frustration and despair are the commonest causes. People who want what they want when they want it and don't get it; ambitious and intelligent men who are having financial reverses; women who are denied the privilege of a man to love, of children to rear and a home to call their own—all these are candidates for nervous breakdown. Unhappy married life, jealousy, sexual unsatisfaction, a recent bereavement, each plays a dominant role in making otherwise normal people nervous. De Quincey, in his superb prose-poem, *Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow*, described his vision of the three Goddesses who were the apotheosis for him of progressively severe stages of melancholia. Flecker's Hassan is a typical neurotic. Prolonged terror can make even the healthiest person nervous, as every soldier who has seen active service can tell.

With these facts in mind we have a few suggestions to make. The prevention of nervous breakdown can begin in school. The ambition of children should not be developed along lines where for most of them serious frustration is inevitable. Originally education, especially higher education, was for the leisure class and it pre-supposed that those acquiring it had money enough to belong to this class. This is no longer true and such leisure as the majority of people enjoy today is not due to the possession of wealth but to the existence of machines. We must change, therefore, much of the ideology of our schools and universities. Pride of craftsmanship is often for working people the only means of self assertion open to them and it is important that this pride should be inculcated in schools.

The so-called modern method in bringing up children is a factor in inciting a nervous breakdown, and progressive schools have some features about them that are questionable from this point of view. To beg an unwilling child to go to bed at its usual time by appealing to its finer sensitivities is often to traumatize its budding emotions, and can do far more harm than an old-fashioned spanking administered in a judicial frame of mind. The world of grown-ups doesn't plead with people; it spans them, and a child must learn that in the game of life one is often presented with a situation that demands graceful acquiescence.

**O**NE of the most undesirable features about our primary and secondary schools is the great preponderance of unmarried over married women as teachers of the young. Since education is preparation for life, let us give our children teachers who have lived the full life. A sensible attitude would be to let female teachers marry if they choose without depriving them of their position. Those who are married and have brought up children are surely better suited to instruct the young. Even under ideal circumstances of teaching we must face the obvious truth that our children have much to unlearn as they get older. There is no death they are told, there is only a passing away. . . . Providence protects the working girl . . . and if she knows her stuff the fair Heloise will marry her rich employer.



... Love conquers all. ... A thing of beauty is a joy forever and therefore we must save diligently to purchase it from the antique shop. ... Honesty is the best policy because employers will reward it gratefully. ... It is wrong for girls to paint their faces and cast a come-hither look at an eligible man. ... If you make mistakes in English and spelling, you will fail in business, etc., etc.

Universities also contribute to the ever mounting increase in nervousness and nervous breakdown. Anyone who knows anything about the history of universities will agree that their curriculum is largely suited for the leisured class who don't need to work or at least are sure of remunerative employment. This is no longer the function of a university and university professors are not ignorant of the ridiculousness of the statement made every year and finally at graduation that "You men and women are going into the world to be the leaders of your respective communities, and we expect you to accept your responsibilities earnestly and not to shirk your duty", etc., etc. Today the difference between a college man and an average city dweller is not so great as to justify the encomiums of university presidents at graduation. The average non-professional university man can regard himself lucky if he is regarded as a big man in a village. If institutes of higher learning are not to give purely practical courses, they can at least refrain from exaggerating the utilitarian value of academic learning, and from presenting to our children an inverted scale of values which for many years incapacitates them for reality (which can easily happen in a course on English literature or philosophy).

**T**HE aesthetic or artistic temperament is always in danger of succumbing to nervousness, if not to nervous breakdown. The act of living has certain elemental facts about it that have a smack and tang to them. These, the prurient would overlook, and the aesthetic would utterly demolish. To derive great pleasure from beautiful things is one of the marks of a civilized person. But the devil of aestheticism is that it has its flagellating counterpart; when the emotions of men and women are wrought up to take exquisite pleasure in an object or a situation that is essentially without corresponding objective merit, the senses by the same token become violently repelled by what according to objective standards is not particularly ugly and may even be indifferent. And when as a result of financial reverses, the artistic temperament cannot control its environment and must face certain facts of life, it is in greater danger of breaking down. Aestheticism is not for the poor. Poverty is a financial status where the person cannot satisfy the generous free and refined aspects of his nature; and it goes hard with the nerves of a man who is brought up in riches, and must spend his maturity in poverty.

In the last analysis we know very little about the nature of nervousness and nervous breakdown for the reasons that we know nothing about the physiology of worry, grief, sexual frustration, and thwarted ambition. We know something about the physiology of rage and terror, and Pavlov has produced experimental neurasthenia in dogs by subjecting them to conditioned stimuli involving a dilemma.

In Utopia there will be ample endowments for

research of this kind and there will not be the phenomenon of a gifted research worker wasting his life serving as a shoe salesman or as a foreman of a gang of road workers because university budgets are inadequate to employ him in its research laboratories.

## The Merits of Opium

ERIC HAVELOCK

**O**NE day last week feeling somewhat depressed we paid one of our periodic visits to the movie, about which we do not now remember very much. But there was a lady who looked lovely and wore marvellous clothes and kept getting in and out of a sleek expensive automobile, and we liked her. Then there was a comedy. We remember a bit more about that, though not much. A fat man fell off a bridge into a stream; then he sneezed and blew all the water out of the stream on to the bridge. His behaviour sounds eccentric, but we liked it too. Then we saw some news pictures of a ship wrecked on the outer Hebrides, and a prize fighter with smile and two front teeth missing, and the President of the United States making a speech. And then we drifted out of the pleasant darkness with our soul refreshed. With what pain therefore did we next day pick up *The Canadian Forum* and read the following: "No two ways exist: you must either regard the film as a drug or as an art. If it is your daily or weekly opiate, then the less said about it in public the better."

This sentiment, we have no doubt, thrilled all our cultured readers, but we should like to protest it all the same, for at least two reasons. It poses a false antithesis between art and opium, and it breathes a moral snobbery which we find offensive. Why is an opiate anything to be ashamed of? Why is art always trying to evade its proper function, which is to amuse? And why are we always refusing one of the most natural forms of amusement, which is a state of partial coma? It is not the artist's job to uplift or instruct, and if he tries it he usually botches the task, for as Plato pointed out with his usual common sense, the artist is no philosopher.

The advent of the movie brought new hope. Here at last was a form of entertainment both cheap and popular. It had to amuse vast hordes of morons or else go out of business. Surely it would succeed at last in exploding all heresy and establishing the principle of art for amusement's sake on firm and lasting foundations. The material conditions were ideal, for they produced one continuous show, without form or void, a mere medley of pleasing sights and later of noises, beginning at two in the afternoon and lasting till midnight. It made no demands on those twin vices of punctuality and good form. You drifted into the darkness and drifted out again when you pleased, and any clothes you happened to be wearing were obscured in merciful gloom. Someone—a poet—had already discovered how pleasant it is to stand and stare. Here was a chance to sit and stare.

**B**IT by bit the thing has got spoiled. The feature picture now begins at times appointed and duly advertised. As for the show itself, have not the

critics demanded movies with a message, films that interpret, films that are true?—as if the mass of people ever dreamt of paying 50 cents to be told the truth. It is to Hollywood's great credit that when it tries to fulfill these demands it usually fails miserably. The good honest banality shines through every pretence.

The only class in the community whose taste in this matter is sincere and direct, whose emotions are entirely free from hypocrisy, are the children. They like anything amusing. They always liked Charlie Chaplin, for instance, because he had flat feet and a cane, and a funny little moustache. That was long ago in the days of the silent films and they kept on applauding Chaplin when superior persons were schooling themselves to sniff. But it was so long ago that now Chaplin is an institution, and the people who patronize film societies proceed to reveal their essential hypocrisy by discovering all sorts of artistic genius in Chaplin, the poor clown.

We shall never be civilized till we forget our search for self-improvement, and just read bad novels and watch Hollywood do its stuff. It takes strength of character to do either. We have to learn to relapse, but alas, it cannot be learnt. All art, but especially the novel and movie, is suffering just now from an acute attack of amateur philosophy. At this point it will be better to drag in Shakespeare since everyone does. Very good then, we would like to suggest that if Shakespeare put witches into Macbeth he did so because they are thrilling objects anyway, and if he sprinkled bawdy jokes and horse-play over most of his productions, it was because they amused him and he knew they would amuse the less hypocritical part of his audience. It was always the uproarious pit in his day that knew true art when it saw it and threw the cabbages when it didn't. They had few ideas but plenty of emotions—and they wanted them satisfied with moonlight and love and blood and low humour, and they got them. They wanted opium, and their playwright gladly gave it to them. When you choke off this sort of direct response you don't get Shakespeare any more, but humbug like the modern stage, problem plays, social documents, mourning Electras.

**W**ELL, this is wandering from the movie. But whenever we leave our beloved farrago and pass from warm darkness into a world of active reality, we pass content. And we have observed that men under the influence of such opiates, while they may be slothful, are also more kindly than their neighbours. They do not yearn to uproot democracies or censor other people's reading matter. You will object that our critical faculties were asleep. Of course they were, and let it be added that while there are many ways of being amused in this transitory life, a good sleep is the most amusing thing of all. In support of this view we find an unexpected ally in Socrates the Athenian. Here was a man who had spent a long life trying to keep his fellow men unpleasantly awake, a sort of wasp—the simile is his own—divinely appointed to sting men out of their mental coma. Yet apparently at the end he realized the futility of the business, for as he faces the early prospect of death he makes a curious and interesting confession.

Death, he very plausibly points out, may well be a state of complete coma, a deep sleep which has no

dream. What an unspeakable boon, he exclaims, if it were really so. How rarely is such complete coma vouchsafed to man. How often is even sleep marred by the restless activity of dreams. The memory of one dreamless night is sweeter than all the waking activity of a long life.

So he speaks. What a magnificent recantation. Just in time he had discovered the obvious truth that an opiate strong enough to still the critical faculties in sleep is nothing to be ashamed of, but one of life's prizes. Would that modern art and artists would also learn in time the civilizing effect of the steady snore.

## The Jooss Ballet

H. N. FRYE

**I**T is a stock commonplace to say that a healthy society produces a healthy art, and sick society decadent art. Art flourishes when the artist is regarded, not as a long-haired wild-eyed shaman, but as a skilled labourer who gets properly paid for his work—whether he is famous or anonymous does not matter. It flourishes when it can depend on a set of symbols or conventions the public recognizes and is ready to accept; for that means, on the one hand, that the artist can take something at least for granted, without having to surround his works with a palisade of apologetic, and on the other that the public is settled enough to prefer the original to the novel. It flourishes when it appeals to a large and vulgar audience as well as to a discriminating coterie, when it makes room for bright colors and a loud noise. It flourishes when it can be pressed into the service of religion, for a religion provides both the large audience and the required body of understood conventions and symbols.

Setting the plastic and graphic arts aside, we should infer from the above that it is a healthy sign when a society is able to produce dynamic arts appealing definitely to a group-consciousness. That is, arts depending on group-production and group response, an ensemble performance and an audience, such as music and drama. Music and drama have always been associated; they both developed out of the dance, both were originally ritual arts and have frequently been allied with religion. They go up when society feels itself secure and co-operative; they go down in an era of individualism. Sixteenth century England, for instance, produced an amazing development in music and drama: in nineteenth century England both arts practically disappeared. To pass to the more specific form of musical drama, we find that the pre-industrial eighteenth century gave us the oratorios of Bach and Handel and the operas of Gluck and Mozart; but in the long century and a half of subjective art which followed the one important contribution, that of Wagner, was the most highly individualized achievement, and therefore more a destruction than a development of musical drama.

**C**ONSEQUENTLY if we are passing from anarchic individualism to a more strongly unified society, we shall assuredly get more music, more drama, and consequently more musical drama. Today the oratorio is dead and the opera apparently moribund, but we seem to be getting an extremely lively and

genuinely new art-form in the ballet. And the ballet possesses all the symptoms of healthy art postulated above. For its production it demands, not a charlatan chewing his nails in a garret, but a group of workmen in music, drama and choreography who have graduated from apprenticeship, a school of dancers and an integrated tradition of performance. It is definitely a conventionalized and symbolic art-form, depending on a stylizing of gesture and pantomime, and aided rather than rendered meaningless by the use of masks and traditional costume. By its use of gesticulation it leaves room for farce, satire, melodrama, propaganda—everything that goes home to a large unselected audience. It unites music and drama on the common basis out of which, we have said, they both developed—the dance. Its rise, therefore, adumbrates future social developments in a way that no political prophecy could do. Its ramifications, connecting up, via Russia, with Oriental drama, indicate that the Eurasian tendencies which have become so prominent in painting and music will find a focus in the ballet as well.

So far the ballet has gone through a period of transition. It has used incidental music not originally intended for it, and the greatest of the composers treating it seriously as an art-form—Stravinsky—has been temperamentally unsuited to it, for though he clearly recognizes, and has explicitly stated, the necessity of impersonality and convention, his own style tends toward the vehement spluttering of Wagner or Tchaikowsky rather than the more objective balance required. Behind Stravinsky there is the 'émigré' Russian ballet, associated with the names of Diaghileff, Massine and Nijinsky. A typical product of this school visited Toronto last fall, and the labored virtuosity of its dancing, the eternal jiggling monotony of its nineteenth century music, its set poses, rococo pictorial backgrounds and vaguely allegorical programmes amply showed how far the ballet had yet to go.

ON the other hand, the Jooss Ballet, which came more recently, definitely showed where the ballet is going. One almost dares to hope that neither Wagner nor his godson Hitler have yet bludgeoned all the music out of the German soul. Out of the four ballets they performed, two were developments of the rather anaemic delicacy of the older ballet, which specialized in fairyland and period pieces. But all four had an artistic integrity and unity about them, a genuinely dramatic outline and development, a thorough-going rhythmical organization. Each was built around a central conception into which every feature of the music, drama and dancing was closely welded. Their last and biggest ballet, called *The Green Table*, opened with a scene of gesticulating politicians getting ready for war, which admirably showed how powerful a vehicle for satire the ballet really is. For caricature, the most direct form of satire, gets its effect by suggesting past movements, and in the pantomime of the ballet the movements are worked out. The following scenes, presenting the war itself in its various aspects of battles, starvations of refugees, rapes in brothels, and so on, were presented with an amazing concentration and power. There was no 'incidental' music; the music organized every motion of the dancing; there was no 'story' tacked on as a programme for the music; the lines of the drama blended at every point

with the other elements. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that this type of ballet is musical drama, and has nothing whatever to do with programme music.

One of the most extraordinary touches of the performance was the instrumental accompaniment, which dispensed with the orchestra and was played on two pianos. It can easily be seen how immensely the conventionalizing of the dramatic action was reinforced by this conventionalizing of the music; the clipped, incisive, penetrating rhythm of the piano, never changing in timbre, knit together the whole performance in a way no other instrumental arrangement could have done. The Jooss Ballet gave us a completely new idea, not only of what the ballet is capable of doing, but of what the piano is capable of doing. Since Stravinsky, there has been an increasing tendency to regard the piano, not as an illegitimate descendant of the clavichord, not as an epitomized orchestra, not as a mechanized harp, but as an instrument of percussion, having a uniquely rhythmic power, as the violin has a uniquely melodic expressiveness.

IF we seem to have been talking all around the Jooss Ballet, rather than definitely about the performance, that is partly because the writer's critical faculties were to some extent paralyzed by its novelty, and partly because he believes it to possess an unparalleled historical importance for our own time. After all, if one sees growing up under one's nose a new art-form showing every sign of becoming as expressive for the twentieth century as Elizabethan drama or Mozartian opera were for their respective times, it is something to get very much excited about, is it not?

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# INTERNATIONAL HOUSING

H. S. M. CARVER

**R**ACIAL antagonism is founded on trivial prejudices. There's something about a Frenchman's boots which is almost as provocative as an Italian shirt; the cut of a German coat arouses hostile thoughts in the French, and the Scotchman's kilt is an unceasing irritation to the Sassenach. If all the armies in the world were to adopt identical uniforms it is doubtful if war could make them come to blows.

National styles in Architecture as well as in dress have served to maintain local prejudices. To the Englishman his house is his castle but to the Canadian it is a draughty refrigerator. The Canadian preference for a detached residence is to the European a ridiculous obsession. It is the most superficial characteristics of style which arouse the most fiery prejudices.

Those who believe that abstract assertions of international comradeship, such as are sponsored by the League of Nations, will remain insubstantial as long as the neighbouring foreigner speaks a different language, wears different clothes and lives in a different kind of house may find some satisfaction in what is called the 'international' style of architecture. This school of design has experienced no difficulty in jumping racial frontiers and even in crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Though the 'Modern' house still remains the possession of a comparatively small section of World Society yet it is found in essentially the same form in Europe, Africa and America. The spiritual bond between the inhabitants of Modern houses in Los Angeles, Stuttgart, Paris, Milan and Cambridge must be a strong one and the development of this international style is a tangible record of the inclination to eliminate intellectual frontiers.

In the Gothic period architectural ideas took almost 100 years to cross the 22 miles of water that separates England from France; the Renaissance took more than 200 years to travel from the villas of Italy to the country houses of England. That within a decade houses of the Modern type should have been built in all quarters of the globe is extraordinary, even if the quantity of output has not been large. It is the result of world-wide communications, the art of photography and an unprecedented similarity of thought in far-separated lands.

**A**RGUMENTAL historians already dispute the rival claims of the originators of the Modern house. America may now claim Frank Lloyd Wright as the prophet who was rejected by his own generation and who was exiled to Tokio to carry out his chef d'oeuvre. The French may declare Mallet-Stevens, leCorbusier or André Lurcat to be the orig-

inal exponents of the new doctrine; and official Germany already exiled Mendelsohn because he was accounted by many to be the great master of the movement. If we add to this the fact that the American, Lescaze, has carried out some of his most interesting work in Great Britain and that the most original work in America is being done by a Viennese in California, then the international quality of the Modern house becomes apparent.

This general exchange of architectural ideas has arisen from the universality of modern structural materials, of concrete, steel, bricks and glass. The historical styles were a corollary of the use of local materials: the massive proportions and sharp detail of the Parthenon is a form of design arising logically out of the use of the local Pentelic marble—in any other material Greek Doric is a fake; the glorious tracery of the English Cathedrals is derived from the quality of local limestone and the half-timbered cottage is the child of the rugged English oak.

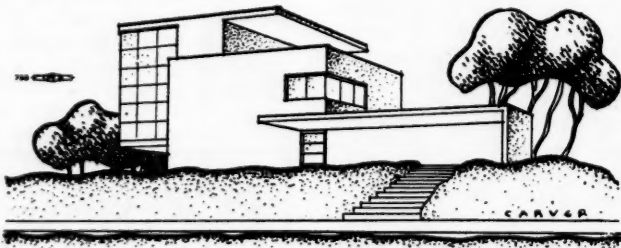
But it is as logical to use our modern materials on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. Architectural style has become ubiquitous.

This internationalization of Architecture has had some interesting consequences. For instance some years ago it was already possible to hold a competition for the design of the League of Nations buildings at Geneva with the reasonable expectation that a competitor from any coun-

try in the world would be likely to produce a design of international character. Such a possibility would have been inconceivable at any previous period of history; it is already far more conceivable than it was at the time of the competition. A still more arresting demonstration of this internationalization is to be found in the European Housing movement; although it is true that each country has attempted to give to the design of its housing some indigenous character, yet the great architectural compositions in Berlin, Liverpool, Vienna, Stockholm, London, Amsterdam or Hamburg have arisen out of a social philosophy that knows no frontiers. The shells fired into the Karl Marx Hof in 1933 were aimed at the new society whose citizens are to be found in every housing block in Europe.

**I**F our period is to leave as its record the development of an international style of architecture, it must arise out of a world-wide social and political background and out of the use of contemporary materials. Industry and commerce are rapidly giving the whole world access to identical materials and we are anxiously observing the emergence of a world-wide stratum of society which realizes its own historical significance.

Canada has not yet adopted the Modern house al-





though there are indications of its arrival in the Province of Quebec. While it has been left to the Old World to explore the remarkable beauty that may be achieved by using modern materials in a sincere, bold and undisguised fashion, it is the New World which has the technical ability and the industrial organization to bring modern architecture to perfection. The peculiar beauty in standardization is a quality with which we are very much more familiar than the Europeans themselves. If the Modern house in all its completeness has not yet arrived in Canada, yet manifestations of the same quality of thought are to be found in the design of many of the household objects that are to be found in all our homes. The peculiar enjoyment to be derived from the hygienic purity of line in our electric stoves, refrigerators, pots and pans and other modern equipment is exactly the same stimulation that the architect of the Modern house has tried to convey. In fact the development of the modern Canadian and American house from the very interior, from the heart of the domestic economy, the kitchen, the bath-room and the heating system, may be taken as an indication of healthy growth. Our Modern house when it appears will not be merely a stylized facade but a thing of homogeneous consistency throughout. In England we can observe the architect instituting an elaborate propaganda to improve the design of household equipment so that it may conform with his architecture which has been evolved from a theory of aesthetics. The transformation of the Canadian scene will be slow but it may prove to be more thorough.

**A**LLOWING for local variations on account of climatic conditions, the emergence of an international style of architecture in Canada depends on our social development. A prince of commerce who fancies the Tudor, Renaissance or Sugar-plum-cottage style confesses thereby either his ignorance or his distaste for the world-wide industrial organization of which he is a member. There is a fundamental beauty in the equalitarian society which mans his machines of industry that may give to its mass-produced articles an original and unprecedented loveliness. The veneer of "fancy" architecture which surrounds us reveals the inability of the entrepreneur class to capture this conception. The architectural future rests with the organization of industry and its workers.

## The Passionate Snow of Yesteryear

PEGI NICOL

**W**HERE is the burning snow, the passionate hill of the earlier day of Canadian art? This, the second exhibition of the Canadian Group of Painters, is a remarkable summery green. Through the latter day group of artists budding from the group of Seven comes maturity to our national art movement. The life of a school of art fades from the vigorous primitive to refinement and subtlety. Our art has become both subtle and intimate. To my mind there are few faults in the final development. The empty patterns like gas-kets have relaxed and the clichés for spruce, barn, drift shapes, have given place to shapes actually experienced. But still no actual contact with nature

—we see her unlimited, varying invention through the eyes of the sketch. In this essentially landscape art there is no air. Trees, rocks, lakes are like the objects of still life, suspended, over-significant, in a vacuum, stifled, suffocated. I agree that the atmosphere between us and heaven is indigently clear, but relates us in unity. The painter worshipping, cries: Oh ye skies and hills! but never: Oh world!

Close on the heels of the Seven come Heward, Savage, Comfort, Clark, Schaefer and Pepper.

### Prudence Heward: The Negress

Miss Heward has her own honestly morbid colour and special manner for painting moping women. This painting of a baffled but disinclined coloured girl is carried to a perfect conclusion. It belongs with September Gale, The Barns, Jack Pine and The Solemn Land. The magnificent treatment covers an understanding greater than the decorative qualities of brown cells, blue hair. For jungle flora background, Canada supplies sumac.

### Ann Savage

Ann Savage, of all Montreal women painters, advances through a metamorphosis from belief in picturesque Quebec to belief in the sensuousness of paint itself. Paint is between cheese and butter for texture and thickness, revered in its use for creating entities called paintings. A painting is not a design, a painting is not an idea, but that has not been realized by everyone yet.

### Paraskeva Clark

Adopted Canadian painter Mrs. Clark soberly presents The Gorge and Portrait of Naomi Yanova. The first exudes the green wet of rocks over which water falls. The walls of the gorge are decorated with green lace trees. The other painting has exquisite feminine grace. These pieces sing, not shout as in the case of some. This sort of painting is the feminine side of the distaff side.

Mrs. Clark is one who has learned that forms are well lost that do not turn, that the interstices between objects represent space and so can be variant in color, although of one plane. There is a truth learnt from Cezanne that everyone knows but few propound. This artist searches these two ideas for beauty's sake in all her strokes of paint. In each stroke is Paraskeva and in Paraskeva is troika bell mirth and gloom and above all a serious attitude towards art. Serious and scientific as the scientific madness of Stravinsky's Octette For Wind Instruments.

Isabel McLaughlin, Yvonne McKague,  
Rody Kenny Courtice

These three women are true blood sisters, the feminine branch of the original stock. They have a masculine painting manner also true to the tradition. Our art is a masculine art. Their design is vigorous, their subject northerly. Miss McLaughlin departs in the direction of Georgia O'Keeffe to the extent of a panel. It is amusing, brilliant. It should be in the possession of a claustrophobic person. This mind could rush up it and breathe. It is the embodiment of a live tree; its roots garlanded with dried grasses and berries, its trunk soars, diminishing to the sky. It is one of the few innovations of which, if I remember rightly, there were many more ten years ago.

# The Evolution of George Moore

HENRY NOYES

"CAME into the world apparently with a nature like a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any; of being moulded into all shapes," boasts George Moore at the beginning of his *Confessions*. But his personality could not be moulded into the shape of a great painter in spite of ten years in the studios of Paris. This failure in an art for which nature had not properly equipped him, made him doubly anxious to succeed when he turned his efforts to literature.

In the late seventies, while still in Paris, he wrote two plays, incredibly bad, and planned a series of poems to be called *Roses of Midnight*. One of the characteristics of the volume, Moore explained, was that daylight was banished from its pages. The roses were transformed into *Flowers of Passion* and published at considerable expense to their author. "The book appeared in black, with a death's head, cross-bones and a lyre stamped in gold upon it." After a final attempt in *Pagan Poems* to be Baudelaire, he abandoned poetry, painting, and Paris.

Conscious of failure in two arts, he returned to England to take up journalism. It was at this time that he began to take himself and his writing seriously. His first novel, *A Modern Lover*, gave him a great deal of trouble in the writing and was immediately banned by the circulating libraries. The same fate met *A Mummer's Wife* in 1885. The Victorian parlour, which had just recovered from the shock of George Eliot, was definitely closed to Moore's heroine, Kate Ede, a "disgraceful woman without will or character", a reincarnation of Madame Bovary through the naturalism of Zola. Moore, appointing himself chief defender of the naturalistic faith, attacked the circulating libraries in a pamphlet, *Literature at Nurse or Circulating Morals*. The following year he published *A Drama in Muslin*, and then *Spring Days*, two novels which appeared to conform to the circulating prescription, but which actually burst its conventions. The direct attack on English taste was continued in his Preface to Zola's *Piping-Hot*. Moore loved notoriety by this time and began to create a literary personality for himself that in every essential should differ from the conventional Englishman. This personality, sensitive, sarcastic, appreciative, self-conscious, he realized in *Confessions of a Young Man*.

THE young man here portrayed understands himself through art, an aristocrat who embraces ugliness to avoid mediocrity. He must hold to his bosom, not a wife, a child, but a python. He cultivates a Capoul beard. He nails his lady's shoe to his bedroom wall and keeps matches in it: the flame that was and is to be. He yearns for fame, "fame brutal and glaring". And though he does nothing he must constantly assert: "I am ashamed of nothing I have done". He must be blatantly Pagan: "What care I that some millions of wretched Israelites died under Pharaoh's lash or Egypt's sun?" asks the young man. "It was well they died that I might have the pyramids to look on." Finally to justify his bumptious self-assertion, he must affect a persecution complex: "In England as in France those

who loved literature the most purely, who were the least mercenary in their love, were marked out for persecution, and all three were driven into exile: Byron, Shelley, and George Moore."

This personality that Moore created for himself had in part the eternal simplicity of *Candide*. It was innocent because it looked at life ingenuously, unashamed. But in addition it was sensitive and sought to justify its sensibility, now through defiance, now through humility. It would not play the satiric game fairly; it wanted to be partly *Candide* and partly Edgar Allan Poe.

At the end of the *Confessions*, the young man hands on the torch: "The feast is over for me, I have eaten and drunk; I yield my place, do you eat and drink as I have done; do you be young as I was." George Moore has written the young man out of his system and done with his confessions—for the moment.

IN Modern Art Moore made his strongest attack on Victorian taste. All that was weak and hypersensitive had been purged from the attitude of the young man. A militant journalist advocating enlightened nationalism in art advised English artists to leave their academies and their imitations of the French Impressionists and interpret the life and colour they found about them. Great art grew from an intimate, unreasoning knowledge of the artist's own background; beauty was to be found in the commonplace, the essentially human. Esther Waters, which Moore was writing at this time, showed how sincerely he believed in the beauty of simplicity: the central theme of Modern Art. The journalistic personality had accepted its mission and stooped to battle against ignorance and prudery. It mocked, it scorned, it laughed, it praised, it approved. It no longer asked for sympathy. But the young man, like a ghost, waited at Moore's elbow to slip into an occasional sly digression: "The colour of my hair never gave me a thought until Manet began to paint it. Then the blonde gold that came up under his brush filled me with admiration."

Years later in *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, Moore recalled the young man with a wistful paternalism, extended his powers of sensation, and created a new self that had lived and loved to the full, a satyr personality that had experienced sexual bewilderment, lived to enjoy the forbidden fruit of mature delight, and had finally sacrificed its worldly life at the shrine of art. "Do you know that men wandering in the woods used sometimes to catch sight of a white breast between the leaves, and henceforth they could love no mortal woman? The beautiful name of their malady was nympholepsy." Moore, too, was afflicted by a particular form of this disease: desire for perfection in the sculpture of words. In this new style that flowed languorously but not vaguely, he sought the final dismissal of the young man.

In *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, Moore had created a character in whom neither he nor the reader could believe for long. In Modern Art, controversy and the invulnerable attitude of the critic had forced his personality into the background, into an occasional di-

gression. In *Confessions of a Young Man*, he had exaggerated his sensibility and his brutality at a time when these characteristics were affected in France. But in *Hail and Farewell*, he created once and for all that literary personality, George Moore, who had a maliciously observant eye for his fellows and a naive eye for beauty in art and the natural world.

**M**OORE felt by the end of the nineties that he had done his best to reform English taste; he had used England artistically, had written *Esther Waters*, and exhausted his interest in the simplicity of the common life; had defied Wagner in Evelyn Innes, had met W. B. Yeats and cultivated an enthusiasm for Celtic mysticism. The Boer War aroused in him a new hatred for England, and Ireland, which he had never been able to keep out of his mind or his works, called him to join Yeats and Edward Martyn in founding an Irish Literary Theatre. The siren call was strong. And then, like Joan of Arc, he had heard a commanding voice. It had said: Go to Ireland.

The story which Moore later wrote of his relation to the Irish Literary Renaissance after he had once more returned to England was called significantly *Hail and Farewell*. The narrative ambles easily along through three volumes in the first person singular. This "I" has at one moment the curiosity of Pepys, at the next the wilful self-consciousness of Sterne, the ruthlessness of La Rochefoucauld, Rabelais' complete lack of discretion, and finally the humorous modesty of Charles Lamb: "... it is difficult for me to believe any good of myself. Within the oftentimes bombastic and truculent appearance that I present to the world, trembles a heart shy as a wren in the hedgerow or a mouse along the wainscoting."

This shy heart was in the power of a cool observer. Sympathy and satire were both essential to our complex literary personality, George Moore, around whom Yeats and Martyn revolved in a satiric current and A. E. and John Eglinton in a sympathetic halo. Lady Gregory, Hyde, Moore's brother Maurice, the Catholic priests, the Anglican clergy, the Irish people are relegated to the outer disapproving circle and only admitted to the holy of holies, the Moore consciousness, in brief, distinct flashes. Regardless of the feelings of his victim, Moore would seize his significant gesture and turn of phrase, strip him of reserve, and expose his inner weakness with a shrewd power of psychological penetration. He observed with the instinct of a portrait painter; he told the truth with a secret smile.

**I**N *Hail and Farewell*, Moore embalmed the young man, whom he had struggled with for sixty years and re-created periodically, and in *A Story-Teller's Holiday and Conversations in Ebury Street* he wrote his epitaph. In these later works and particularly in his later prefaces there is a serene acknowledgment of victory over this barbarian, who kept bobbing up in the earlier novels, who had to be overcome every time Moore sat down to write, but who was vanquished in the writing of *The Lake*, *The Brook Kerith*, and *Heloise and Abelard*.

In the later semi-critical, semi-autobiographical series of conversations, *Avowals* and *Conversations in Ebury Street*, the mountain came to Mahomet, literature and art to George Moore to be chid and chastened. He was no longer seeking self-importance in the manner of the young man in the *Confessions*

where the mere mention of Manet's name was self-flattery enough. It was his turn to dispense notoriety and to bestow upon artists and writers the significance of his own literary past. He praised them, ridiculed them, dismissed them for not conforming to his standards. And his standards were based on his personal experience as a writer and his own reaction to an artist's style and character. Intimacy and unclouded observation are marks of the great artist; abstraction and sentimentality, foes to art, can only be defeated by self-discipline.

Self discipline had been Moore's lifelong air, and explained his admiration for such writers as Flaubert, Gautier, Pater, Turgenev, and Landor, in whom mastery of expression was the result of an identical aim. The most significant study of George Moore's effort to achieve self-mastery, his mania to revise and re-create himself and his works, the mania of a mature stylist at war with an adolescent barbarian, has been made recently by Mr. Charles Morgan in his *Epitaph on George Moore*\*. To the eventual victory of the stylist, he attributes the "cold sensuality" of the later prose and the mental disquiet of the reader that is not altogether dispelled by narrative ease.

"The narrative moves forward like a clear river under a calm sky." Pursuing his metaphor, Morgan discovers that abrupt transitions between conversation and character analysis or description are avoided by the architectural repetition of key words. By repetition of these words and a selection of the simplest and most lasting phrases in the English language, by merging dialogue and narrative, by turning from photographic naturalism and psychological analysis, Moore achieved in the end a "classic repose". "He gave liberty as well as discipline to the English."

**L**UCIDITY is one of Morgan's own virtues and makes this first thorough study of George Moore's style a valuable essay in criticism as well as an excellent introduction to his novels. Morgan's character study of the mature stylist at war with an adolescent tends to oversimplify a complex nature, however, and a final estimate of the man, George Moore, will probably be less sympathetic.

Moore was essentially a literary pugilist in whom satire and sympathy were curiously mingled. Irish by birth, quick tempered by nature, aesthetic by conviction, hedonistic in principle, religiously pagan, he had the gift for making enemies wherever he turned; enemies who found in his character reason to damn his works. He told at least half the truth about himself in one of his imaginary conversations in *Avowals* when he said with a smile: "In England I am an Ishmael, almost a Cain. . . . My death will do me a great deal of good."

\* *Epitaph on George Moore*: Charles Morgan; Macmillans, \$1.25.





# BOOKS



## PLANNED MONEY

**THE RUSSIAN FINANCIAL SYSTEM:** W. B. Reddaway. Macmillan; pp. 106, \$1.50.

**THE PRICE LEVEL, A FURTHER PROBLEM IN NATIONAL PLANNING:** Lt.-Col. K. E. Edgeworth. Nelson; pp. 166, \$1.25.

**THE SMALL MAN AND HIS MONEY:** A. Emil Davies. Nelson; pp. 96, \$1.25.

**M**R. Reddaway's book provides a distinct addition to our understanding of the place of money and credit in the Russian economic system. There are many good books on Soviet planning but nearly all of them (not excluding the Webbs') pay scant attention to finance.

While the apparatus of banking and finance in the U.S.S.R. has many superficial resemblances to the financial institutions of a private enterprise economy, Mr. Reddaway shows that planned production and distribution relegates monetary and pricing behaviour to a different—if not to a subordinate—category. So with the technique of monetary management. In a 'free' economy the central bank exerts its influence on production by a kind of remote control over the state of the foreign exchanges, the price level, the interest rate structure and so forth. This type of control can have little relevance to the problems of controlled economy. Notwithstanding the greater simplicity of the task of control the Russian economy requires a system of money as an aid to costing—essentially the process of economising resources—for making payments between one socialist enterprise and another, and to permit a (limited) operation of consumers' freedom. As under capitalism, disproportions in the economy tend to manifest themselves in price fluctuations; alternatively the mismanagement of money may itself produce economic instability and waste.

The key position in the banking system is occupied by the State Bank (Gosbank). Besides being responsible for the note issues and the gold reserves still used to give them prestige, the Gosbank has control over the granting of all new credit, using the subordinate banks for distribution and supervisory purposes. But the relationship of this central bank to industry is not remote (as with us) but very direct. In effect the bank has become the principal auditing and accounting authority in the industrial plan. It has gained this position by virtue of its responsibility to supervise the uses to which its credit is put, and of the system under which all payments of any magnitude must pass through its accounts. The function of the rouble as a unit of account and of the price system in general is elaborated in some detail. Mr. Reddaway's theme is that while the rouble may be the servant of the central planning authorities, it is made into a very stern taskmaster

for individual enterprises. Enterprises in Russia are provided by the bank with working capital under a strict budgetary arrangement based upon 'minimum needs', with provision for unplanned loans to meet emergency cases. As a part of these credit arrangements, the qualitative use to which credit is put is supervised by the banks. No state enterprise, of course, is permitted to deviate from the plan by receiving bank credit from another enterprise.

Another section of the book discusses the 'control of capital development'. The author recognizes the advantages of central control over all new investments, including the uses to which industries put their surplus profits. He has some interesting material on the way in which long-term loan capital is allocated between competing State enterprises. Some doubts are expressed, however, as to whether the central authorities can be relied upon to judge what uses will provide the greatest social benefit without the guide of an ordeal 'by rate of interest'.

On the more general problems of how the monetary system may assist in the proper distribution of resources (including labour) between alternative employments Mr. Reddaway has some penetrating analysis. On one point he is quite clear: the relative importance of the open-market (as contrasted with the closed shops where rationed amounts of necessities are made available at fixed, low, prices) limits the scope of inflation as a distorting element in production. Certainly the attempt to apply the experiences of inflation in a 'free' economy to the conditions of Russia can be thoroughly misleading. Inflation may and indeed has occurred in Russia since the first Five Year Plan commenced. The circumstances which may give rise to inflation—over-investment in the Keynesian sense, or unbalanced budgets—can occur in Russia as elsewhere. But the effects on real incomes and the repercussions upon production are shown to be less serious and more amenable to control. On the other hand, if the plan should be badly drawn up, monetary management cannot remedy the defect, nor hide it for long.

Colonel Edgeworth's book is concerned with monetary management within a system of free private enterprise. Like the better known Major, the Colonel is an engineer. After the fashion of Douglas he believes that fluctuations in economic affairs originate, and therefore must be solved, from the money side. The proper objective of monetary policy is price stabilization. The possibility that a stable price level may be quite consistent with widespread unemployment and unused capacity is never entertained. The further possibility that a slump may develop during a period of stable prices, as in the U.S. in 1929, is equally neglected.

One of the methods proposed for stabilizing

prices is to stabilize ('subdue') fluctuations in trade. The circularity of argument displayed can hardly be surpassed. Colonel Edgeworth argues reasonably enough that stable internal prices are incompatible with the 19th century brand of gold standard. He would avoid the difficulty by varying the gold content of the currency or the exchanges to control the trade balance. He rejects the current technique of price control via central bank credit operations as too indirect. In its place he proposes fixed wage rates. This being accomplished, prices will stay put. To illustrate the quality of analysis, we may instance the bland suggestion (p. 133) that the best way to achieve the professed goal of higher prices in the U.S.A.—declared necessary in order to re-establish a balance between debtors and creditors—is to raise all wages and salaries by decree, so to speak. Prices, it is argued, would then rise. No doubt some would. It is difficult, however, to see how this method would help farmers to get substantially higher prices for wheat, corn, cotton and hogs. Altogether this is an exasperating book. The road is banked at sharp corners by analogies drawn from mechanics. Analogies, however, are a poor substitute for analysis.

Mr. Davies brings us back to a less lofty kind of finance. His is a guide to investment. As the head of a number of investment trusts in England he is well qualified to discourse on general principles and particular cases. The various securities are, of course, all British. The lessons are illustrated from actual examples and you may take your choice between railways, banks, breweries, canals, hotels, tobacco, coal, steel and the rest. Mr. Davies, I note, is bullish on gold but thinks that 'South Africa is best'. The Northern Miner should be informed of this slander.

J. F. PARKINSON.

## Transcendentalist and Idealist

MAGNA BRITANNIA, by J. Coatman; Toronto, Cape-Nelson; pp. 384. \$3.00.

LETTERS ON IMPERIAL RELATIONS, INDIAN REFORM, CONSTITUTIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL LAW, 1916-1935, by Arthur Berriedale Keith; Toronto, Oxford University Press; pp. 370, \$5.00.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, by Arthur Berriedale Keith; Toronto, MacMillan Co. of Canada; pp. 646, \$6.25.

**N**OT since Mr. Lionel Curtis demonstrated that the British Commonwealth is simply the Sermon on the Mount reduced to political terms have we been treated to such a high-flying exercise in Imperial transcendentalism as that now given us by Professor Coatman in this present book. The enthusiastic gush which was poured out in Hart House in Toronto a few years ago at the British Commonwealth Relations Conference was tame in comparison with his rhetorical pages. (He suffers, by the way, from a strange delusion about the 'truly representative character' of the delegates to that conference). His purpose is, he tells us, 'an inquiry into the philosophical, political and economic foundations of our Great Society'. The essence of the Com-

monwealth is freedom of association, and in this it represents 'a new revolutionary development in the political and moral ideals and organization of humanity' that makes it more significant than the Soviet or Fascist systems, which are only highly centralized autocracies, a phenomenon as old as civilization itself.

But Mr. Coatman only achieves this highly idealistic interpretation by leaving out any nasty little facts which don't happen to fit into it. He talks of the Commonwealth as transcending its parts in a higher unity as if he had never heard of such phenomena as the Boer nationalists or the Australian Labour party or the Sinn Fein movement or our own French-Canadians or the Indian National Congress. He tells us that trusteeship of the undeveloped races is now the accepted working principle of British imperialism in Africa, as if the Colonial and Dominions Offices had no more worries about what the white settlers want to do to the blacks in Kenya or to the native protectorates in South Africa. He assures us blandly that the way in which the Indian problem has been handled has redounded to Great Britain's credit in the United States. He feels, it is true, just a little uneasy about the bickering that went on at the Ottawa Conference; but in the end he has no doubt that Ottawa marked the beginning of a new economic integration of the Empire in which we will eventually reach the position that no Empire government will make changes in its tariff without full consultation with the other Empire governments. Somebody should tell him about our Canadian textile manufacturers.

In the midst of his raptures, however, Mr. Coatman is careful to point out that there is still much to be done. 'The Statute of Westminster represents movement in a new harmony'. And what are to be movement in a new harmony. And what are to be some of the leading themes in this new harmony? Here we reach what is undoubtedly the real motive of Mr. Coatman's book. If our 'expanding Commonwealth' is to realize its true ends, it must equip itself with effective instrumentalities for that purpose. The old schemes of Imperial Federation are dead, but Mr. Coatman believes that the Imperial Conference is playing 'a creative role'; and it is fairly clear that what he hopes it will create is some kind of a body with executive powers. He revives the idea of a permanent Secretariat for the Conference and assures us that Laurier's suspicions of this proposal are now out of date. He remarks that 'the transformation of the Committee of Imperial Defence into the Imperial War Cabinet is truly a portent of vast significance, not only to the future of Imperial defence, but to its constitutional and even spiritual development'. There are some Canadians who will think that Mr. Coatman's use of the word 'portent' in this connection is rather a give-away. At any rate his whole book is a portent; for during the next few years we shall undoubtedly be subjected to a continuous barrage of noble arguments about the spiritual significance of Imperial defense.

Mr. Coatman's book is not nearly so well written as the books in which Mr. Curtis set forth his evangel in past years. It is hazier in argument, more verbose, more rotarian. But the dream which inspires him is essentially the same. Though his immediate programme is not so concrete or so precise, it

comes to much the same thing in the end. New presbyter is but old priest writ large.

It is a relief to get away from all this rhetoric into the clear, cool, crisp atmosphere of Professor Keith's two books. A recent reviewer of one of them has finely remarked that Professor Keith's opinions on the constitutional law of the British Empire are part of its history. In the first of these two books he has collected the most important letters on Imperial affairs which he wrote to the London Times or the Edinburgh Scotsman or other journals during the past twenty years. In the second he gives a well-balanced and comprehensive account of the framework of the Imperial constitution as it existed in 1935 and of the governments of the various parts of the Empire, including the United Kingdom, the Dominions, the Colonies, the Protectorates and India. Professor Keith writes with the precision of the constitutional lawyer but also with the insight of the statesman. This is what makes his books so valuable. His judgment has been proved right on so many controversial points in the past that one would only reluctantly disagree with him about any question of present or future policy.

The letters on Imperial affairs show with what almost unerring exactness he estimated events while they were still current. He pointed out at the time the objections to Imperial Federation schemes, and he corrected the over-optimistic interpretations of the Imperial War Cabinet. He was already asking in 1922 whether the constitution of the British Commonwealth was not elastic enough to include an Irish republic. He has since been constantly pointing out the silliness of trying to preserve the appeal to the Privy Council from the Irish Free State, and has been advising that the office of Governor-General there be abolished. He long ago suggested an arbitral tribunal to deal with disputes between Commonwealth governments, and he has been especially emphatic on the need of this since the Statute of Westminster ended the power of the United Kingdom to exercise any control over the other governments. His insight in the past makes especially important just now his unsparing and repeated condemnation of the policy of the British government in hedging about the grant of responsible government to India with paper safeguards (which he predicts the executive will not be able to apply when it most wants to do so), and of its attempt to use the Indian Princes as a bulwark for British imperialism against both Indian nationalism and Indian democracy. Scattered through both the books are penetrating analyses of the various aspects of the constitutional position of Canada in the Commonwealth. These two volumes may be added to the long list of Professor Keith's previous books as indispensable for every serious student.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

## What Is Fascism?

THE GROWTH OF FASCISM IN GREAT BRITAIN: W. A. Rudlin; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 141, \$1.00.

FASCISM AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM: Michael T. Florinsky; Macmillan; pp.x, 292. \$2.50.

THE essential nature of Fascism is only very gradually being understood and too much attention has been paid to mere external trappings such as coloured shirts and 'Roman' salutes. Even castor oil and Jew-beating are only incidental except in so far as they are the particular manifestations of a general attack on liberty. The fundamental economic basis of Fascism is the management of the economy by the state power, whether by arbitration or by direct command, for the preservation of the capitalist system at whatever cost to the people's standard of living; ultimately, if capitalism is sufficiently hard pressed, this necessitates the destruction of democracy and the glorification of force, militarism and war.

It is with these wider developments as a background, which he describes with concise lucidity, that Mr. Rudlin gives us an analysis of the same tendencies at work in Britain, the planning for scarcity by the deliberate scrapping of effective means of production such as cotton mills and ships—which means in effect making the people poorer to leave the rich well off—the disturbing restrictions of liberty such as the Incitement to Disaffection Bill and the militarization of the police; the growth of economic nationalism and, inevitably allied with it, the policy of rearmament. All these are sound Fascist policies. If we understand Fascism in those terms we shall draw less comfort from the Britisher's well known dislike of coloured shirts and castor oil and realize that the celebrated British character will succeed in beating off the Fascist system only if it spurs the people to vigorous and unrelenting vigilance in the defense of their rights, but not otherwise. Mr. Rudlin's clear, well written and simple exposition of his case deserves to be widely and carefully read by all—the tendencies he shows to be at work in England are certainly no less so in Canada.

And those who want more evidence before they accept Mr. Rudlin's view of the world situation will find much to help them in Mr. Florinsky's book, which is a comparative study of the rise, theory and practice of Fascism and Hitlerism.

Though the author's sympathies are not with the dictators, he does not hesitate to give praise where he considers it due, particularly in some of the public works and farming schemes that have been achieved. Indeed he has perhaps erred the other way, for although he makes it clear that the standard of living has gone down in both countries, one might have wished for a little more emphasis on this point. He proves how unsound the financial structure is in both countries—and it is there that he expects Nemesis to overtake them. That he does not put Fascism in its place as a stage in capitalist development is perhaps due to the limitations he sets himself. His detailed account of the actual structure of the corporate state is of very great interest, as is also his comparison of Fascist theory (which, whether Italian or German, is often admirable) with Fascism actually at work. Particularly illuminating is the discussion of the psychological factors involved and the reasons for their attraction to a large number of the population. A straight matter of fact account of this kind is liable to be somewhat pedestrian, but it is relieved by many apposite personal experiences in the countries concerned and by occasional flashes of a rather sardonic humour. G. M. A. GRUBE.



## A German Liberal

GUSTAV STRESEMANN—HIS DIARIES, LETTERS AND PAPERS; Volume 1. Edited and translated by Eric Sutton; Macmillan; pp. 506, \$7.50.

FOR six years, from August, 1923, until September, 1929, the conduct of German foreign policy was in the hands of Gustav Stresemann. This is the first of three volumes compiled by his secretary, Henry Bernhard, from the records left by his Chief which cover the period of his ministry. The English version omits only minutiae of no interest to the foreigner and is supplemented by an able review of the life of the author from the pen of the translator.

At a time when German policy is creating so much alarm, it is perhaps worth while recalling the contribution of Stresemann to the stabilization of Europe in the years before the advent of National Socialism. In the late summer of 1923 the French were in occupation of the Ruhr industrial area. The German government had decreed passive resistance by the population to the attempts of the French to exploit the area under control. The resistance called for gigantic sacrifices from the whole country, and the burden had to be borne under the handicap of a vastly diminished productive power. The already weakened currency declined in value more and more swiftly, until in November the dollar stood at more than four billion marks. The severe privations of the mass of the German people made them a ready prey to every form of political extremism, and even middle-class parties were so unnerved as to contemplate the wildest courses. Hitler unrepentantly declares in *Mein Kampf* that he found some support in Army circles for his view that Germany could and should rapidly re-arm, even without the resources of the Ruhr, and fall upon the French before the end of the year. To millions of distraught Germans even common prudence in a statesman appeared treason, and Stresemann showed supreme courage when, a few weeks after taking office, he called off the resistance in the Ruhr. Even then there remained the grave danger that the Rhineland and Palatinate might be torn away from the Reich, and Bavaria had to pass through the ordeal of the famous Hitler-Ludendorff rebellion.

The present volume traces the diplomatic stages by which, with the co-operation of the Herriot and Macdonald governments, Stresemann secured the evacuation of the Ruhr, the cessation of the Separatist movement in the west, and an agreed solution of the reparations question in the form of the Dawes Plan. Within a single year the foundations of order had been laid.

Every concession to the Allies, however necessary it might be, was malevolently misrepresented by the Nationalist groups as a betrayal of Germany. In these pages we see the extraordinary energy displayed by the Foreign Minister in the rebuttal of these charges. His sound knowledge of parallel periods in German history was of great service to him in placing his policy before his countrymen in a true light. He showed that the real liberators of Prussia after Jena carried on their work under a great burden of opposition and slander from the 'patriots' and anti-semites. The fact that Frau

Stresemann was a 'non-Aryan' was constantly used against her husband.

Outside Germany a charge of a very different kind has lately been preferred against him. Mr. Wickham Steed and others see in Stresemann's political testament indications that 'fulfilment' was conceived only as an unpleasant preliminary to the attainment of full liberty, which was to be used for the renewal of the war against France. A truer view seems to be that Stresemann's mind developed during the working out of his policy. Bitter he undoubtedly was at the outset, but as the hostile ring round Germany was broken and he formed real friendships with his collaborators in France and England, he saw that the great task which was really worthy of his powers was the strengthening of those forces in every country which were struggling towards a lasting conciliation. At his death Europe appeared more stable than for a generation past. Whatever be the causes of the present turmoil, it has not its seeds in the work of Stresemann.

CECIL LEWIS.

## The American Scene

INTERPRETATIONS; 1933-1935: Walter Lippman; Macmillan; pp. 398, \$2.50.

THIS volume contains 150 editorial essays culled from the pages of the New York Herald Tribune, and covering all the varied phases of The New Deal. There is something in them reminiscent of Mr. J. M. Keynes in his more journalistic moments, except that Mr. Lippman often contrives to be a little dull. There is the same clarity of style, the same clear perception of immediate issues, the same comfortable assumption that 'the country' or 'public opinion' is a sort of entity composed of sensible, unruffled citizens with adequate incomes. There is also the same reliance on monetary reform as the main remedy for all our social ills. In fact there is the same liberalism, with all the liberal's damning limitations.

This collection contains many pieces of clear, telling analysis. It would be difficult, for example, to find anywhere a better discussion of the so-called world issues raised when the United States, by abrogating the gold clause in its bonds, broke a solemn contract with its creditors. "The abrogation destroys a vested right. And unless one is prepared to argue that legitimate rights can never be extinguished, the gold clauses cannot be dealt with on the theory that contracts are absolute." But who these days is interested in such a moral issue? When the principle involved is limited and immediate like this one, Mr. Lippman is at his best. But let him turn to larger conflicts, where the stakes are higher, such as the ownership of wealth or the control of monopoly, and his analysis falters; he hesitates on the brink of obvious conclusions. He thinks we ought to tax wealth, of course, but "while the President has seen clearly the danger of concentrated wealth and power, he has not seen the equally great danger of irresponsible mass voting." Thus even to tax the wealthy few and ignore the small incomes of most of us, is to encourage "representation without taxation". Mr. Lippman, of course, is not a socialist: he consistently assumes that the plans and purposes which inspire Soviet Russia and her Fascist neighbours are iden-

tical. Is he then an economic Tory? No, he is a 'liberal', which is different. His economic Toryism has suffered a heavy dilution of hypocrisy.

ERIC HAVELOCK.

OVER THE HEADS OF CONGRESS: Dorothy Frooms; Nelson. pp. 124, \$1.25.

**C**ERTAIN clubs have the convivial custom of singing their constitution. Dorothy Frooms (a lady lawyer) almost performs this service for the United States. Her book, written to pour contempt upon Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, when it is not a hymn of hate becomes a paean in praise of—the Constitution. She sees plenty that is wrong in the body politic. She sees "corruption in high places, an economic foundation built on sand, and a social order given over to hectic spending." She sees "policemen accepting bribes from gamblers and vice panderers; prisons burdening the public with expense to coddle inmates, and then turning them out greater criminals; prices of the necessities of life boosted to high levels while profiteers wax fat, and pay no tax"—and a whole lot more. What is the remedy? Not Mr. Roosevelt's "method of attacking the depression at once on 'all fronts', followed by his 'must' fiats." This method "retarded recovery . . . business simply stopped, not knowing what to do." The New Deal became "a national headache". So what? Miss Froom's answer is—back to the Constitution! "Depression or no depression, emergency or no emergency, we can still attain all the ends so ardently desired by the New Dealers by returning to the formula of the only and original New Deal granted us—the Constitution of the United States. The framers of that document clearly specified a maximum of local self-government and a minimum of paternalistic central government." Let the people elect representatives who will carry out these principles and be incorruptible, so that the cry for reforms will not go "over the heads of Congress", and all will be well. But Miss Frooms does not tell her countrymen just how to go about it. We may forgive her as a lawyer for revering the Constitution perhaps overmuch; we could have more faith in her rather hazy and demagogic liberalism if she did not summon to her support such an ill-assorted company of sponsors as the late Huey Long, Roger Babson, Stuart Chase and Dr. Townsend.

CARLTON McNAUGHT.

## Religion

THE PURPOSE OF GOD: By W. R. Matthews; London, Nisbet and Co. Ltd.; pp. 182, \$2.00.

**N**O one who is familiar with the contributions already made by the Dean of St. Paul's to the perennial discussions pertaining to Christian Theism will wait to be advised to read this book, which comprises an expansion of the Alexander Robertson Lectures delivered last year in the University of Glasgow. Its object is to vindicate, in the light of contemporary philosophy and science, that traditional proof for the existence of God which goes by the name of the argument from design. Before coming to grips with the argument itself, the author shows how it is interwoven with two others, the ontological

and the cosmological, in one three-fold argument; that all three are ready attempts to substantiate by logic a God already given in religious experience and tradition; and that while these two complementary proofs arrive respectively at the Perfect Being and the First Cause, the other sets to work from certain presuppositions upon data which will show something of what this Being does, and why He does it. In the course of an examination of the chief classical formulations of the argument, these data reveal themselves: "There is, first, the impression of an order which is both rational and sublime; there is, secondly, the fact that the universe, when interrogated by reason, seems to be a coherent system; and there is, thirdly, the fact that this system is in motion and that it brings to birth values, higher types of existence, in the course of its change; and there is, fourthly, the consideration that the search for explanation and understanding of existence can never reach a conclusion which will satisfy us unless we can conceive it as a teleological order, for only by such an insight can we obtain an answer to the question Why?" Then comes an examination of some objections to the argument, at the conclusion of which we are brought back again to the idea of value: "We shall be missing half the data if we do not recognize that mental activity means not only knowing but valuing." But certain values are acknowledged by conscientious inquirers to be absolute and directive of human life and conduct. So Dr. Matthews, in a closely-reasoned chapter, proceeds to restate the argument in terms appropriate to our own day: "The process of nature begins to understand itself and to value itself in the consciousness of human thinkers. Here is the most secure foundation for the teleological argument." In the following chapter we are brought face to face with the fact that in this imperfect world men do not respond to the best and thus fail to win their freedom; and so we are led to the thought of God's redemption of human nature in Christ. Man's incompleteness awaits completion from outside the process in which he has come to be what he is. "In all the higher religions the promise of redemption from the world is more fundamental than the faith that the world is providentially ordered." The volume is brought to a conclusion with discussions on three topics: the objection that a teleological view of the world is inconsistent with the demands of the moral consciousness; eschatology; and divine purpose.

Readers will observe the ease with which the unfolding argument adapts or refuses material, as occasion offers, from a wide array of thinkers in many fields.

W. C. DE PAULEY.

## A Delightful Journey

GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY: By C. E. M. Joad; Gollancz-Ryerson; pp. 592; \$1.75.

**T**HE study of reality is not easy, but it has often been made unnecessarily difficult by obscurity of language and confusion of thought, ever since the day it was given the repulsive name of Metaphysics—a Greek word meaning no more than "what comes after the physical books" in the Aristotelian corpus. Of such unnecessary difficulties Professor Joad's Guide to Philosophy is quite free.

In fact, 'the intelligent layman' to whom the book is addressed will find that he has embarked upon a delightful journey among the peaks of philosophic speculation, with a very able, very patient and friendly guide. And if the traveller be occasionally a trifle weary through unaccustomed thought he can call a halt now and again, but very few, I imagine, will abandon the journey. Indeed the newer the country of abstract thought may be to them, the keener will be their eagerness to explore it.

The author's method is not to give a historical survey but to expound and explain the main problems and the most important of proffered solutions. This has the advantage that the reader is not made to feel he must at all costs remember a number of names and dates. What we should retain of any journey is the beauty seen and the impressions received. Names and dates are but convenient aids to memory and should never become a burden to it. So with philosophy the question of which philosopher said what and when, is, to the layman at least, always of secondary importance. Professor Joad has throughout directed our attention to the thought rather than the particular thinker.

It is here possible to give only a general idea of the main lines followed. The first part deals with the possibility of human knowledge: What do we actually know of the outside world and what is this process of knowing? The second part gives a critical approach to the main problems of Metaphysics: that of substance, of change, and the self, with an interesting discussion of the Teleological and the Mechanistic outlook and their implications in our attitude to life. Then the third part gives us the answers of the greatest philosophers, thus introducing us to the systems of Plato (who is treated at some length), Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Marx, Bergson, Whitehead and others. And our chance of understanding their solutions is vastly increased by the fact that the nature of the problems they faced was carefully explained in the earlier part.

It is usual for specialists to find fault with a book of this general nature wherever it deals with their own special province. I should therefore say that I find myself in agreement with the author's exposition of those philosophies with which I can claim special familiarity. In short, I heartily recommend this book to all those who are interested in the struggle of the human mind to attain an ever elusive reality and truth. And of this truth the implications at least should be of considerable interest to all men and women who think at all.

—G. M. A. GRUBE.

## Poetic Drama

A FULL MOON IN MARCH: W. B. Yeats; Macmillan; pp. viii., 70, \$1.50.

IN the preface Mr. Yeats speaks of having first written *The King of the Great Clock Tower*, one of the two plays in this book, in prose. Although a friend had violently condemned it in the reading it was a great success as a production, wherefore, "I came to the conclusion that prose dialogue is as unpopular among my studious friends as dialogue in verse among actors and playgoers." He recommends

the prose version, already published, "if anybody is inclined to play it".

Poetic drama (should I say poetic verse drama?) now has its own theatres even in New York and London, and its supporters, anxious to dispute the idea that the "new theatre is to be political." But Yeats' recent poetic plays have little in common with the determined efforts of Auden, Macleish and others to achieve a style dramatically effective through its direct connection with specially contemporary theme, speech, metaphor, music, etc. He does not avoid colloquial phrase and figure, but neither is he experimental in the new manner, keeping to the material of legend or literature, and using for the most part a ballad stanza for comment or 'chorus' and flexible blank verse for the principal actors. Both of these plays are on the same theme, and since that theme includes a queen's dance of adoration before the severed head of a lover they might be effective as dramatic spectacle. The protagonists are beauty (a queen "cruel as the winter of virginity") and the poet (in one play a swinehead, in the other a 'stroller') who like "Every loutish lad in love thinks his wisdom great enough". The verse is pleasant and the symbolism a little easy.

In addition to the plays the volume contains a number of political poems,

I pray—for fashion's word is out  
And prayer comes round again—  
That I may see, though I die old,  
A foolish passionate man.

two very agreeable songs for earlier plays "re-written for the tune's sake," and a group of 'supernatural songs' on the theme of Christianity and the opposing forces of nature and paganism. Simple and striking in both phrase and metaphor, they very well represent Yeats' later poetry, varying from the many-syllabled skill of

The mirror-scaled serpent is multiplicity,  
But all that run in couples, on earth, in  
flood, or air, share God that is but  
three,

And could beget or bear themselves could they  
but love as He

to the Blake-like gnomic compression of  
If Jupiter and Saturn meet,  
What a crop of mummy wheat!  
The sword's a cross; thereon He died:  
On breast of Mars the goddess sighed.

N. J. ENDICOTT.

## Grumbles

A PECK OF TROUBLES. Collected by Daniel George; Cape-Nelson; pp. 340. \$2.50.

ALMOST any excuse for making a book will satisfy me, if it is to be published by Mr. Jonathan Cape—that fount, that somewhat stately page, the charming urbanity of the whole! But this book tries me rather high, being an anthology "of Examples of those Chagrins and Mortifications which have beset . . . the human race," etc., etc., and proving in fact to be an extremely dull collection of grumbles which the author imagines should arouse excitement in my bosom because they occur in the writings of celebrated people. But what do I care if on some 16th of March Keats had a headache? Look at a sample:

"This is the first time I ever got a new cold



before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, etc., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it.  
Journal to Stella 1711, December 21, Jonathan Swift.'

Here is another gem, bequeathed to posterity by one John Turberville in 1647—and, what is more, on April 16th of that year.

'My house is, and hath been, full of soldiers this fortnight, such uncivil drinkers and thirsty souls, that a barrel of good beer trembles at the sight of them, and the whole house nothing but a rendezvous of tobacco and spitting.'

Most of the extracts are much longer. If Mr. George ever reaches a second edition, I beg to inform him that in July, 1921, I suffered from a Great Boil, which sorely afflicted me. Again (but I forget the date) I lost a Fountain Pen.

Some few, as might have been expected, are more or less worth printing; and I am pleased to see that an old favourite of mine has found its way into this farrago from *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*.

'Lord Braxfield, at whist, exclaimed to a lady with whom he was playing: 'What are you doing, ye damned auld —?' and then, recollecting himself: 'Your pardon's begged, Madam. I took ye for my ain wife.'"

This anthology is a disappointment for the same reason as jest-books. One has a dozen or so favourites, decides in an evil hour to collect and publish them, and bulks the good material out into book-size by raking in inferior stuff.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

## A View of Thomson

A STUDY OF TOM THOMSON; Blodwen Davies;  
Discus Press (Toronto); pp. 133. \$2.00.

THE author calls this book, "The Story of a Man Who Looked For Beauty and For Truth in the Wilderness". Her approach is as romantic as her sub-title. Those elements of fire-ranging and painting, which made up Thomson's life when he dwelt in Algonquin Park, always seem to strike easy chords of emotion in the hearts of Canadians; they make many of us respect his art for reasons that have little to do with the aesthetic. Yet if we only look at his canvases instead of regarding his canoeing and his cooking, we shall find that his painting, shorn of nationalism and romance, is interesting for other reasons than these purely superficial ones. The author of this book does at least succeed in giving the background of Thomson's life. The pencil-sketches by Arthur Lismer which have been reproduced do much to heighten the interest of the text. While there is unfortunately little criticism of the man's painting, the influence of A. Y. Jackson upon Thompson is given proper emphasis. The book it must be admitted suffers slightly from a certain nimbus of sentiment. It also suffers from a multitude of typographical errors.

DONALD BUCHANAN.

## Rich Folk, Po' Folk

LOOK AWAY! A DIXIE NOTEBOOK: James H. Street; Viking-Macmillan; pp. 241. \$2.75.

TO most of us the South seems to consist of Virginia, The Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana—all glamour, mint juleps, extravagant manners and racial prejudice. But the South of Look Away! is Mississippi and through the author's recording of folkways and personal experiences of that state, this reader, for one, understood for the first time the significance of "deep South". The greater part of the Southern States, that is to say the States which formed the Confederate Army, are seaboard states and no matter how passive and semi-tropical is their viewpoint, they have absorbed a quasi-European culture. But not Mississippi, that all but inland, ignorant and proud country of revival and reaction. True, Mr. Street makes excursions across his boundaries to Arkansas, Tennessee, and the Lonesome Pine in Virginia but his home is Mississippi, De Delta Lan', De Voodoo Lan', De Rich Folks' Lan' and De Po' Folks' Lan'.

Mr. Street has his own explanation for much of the half-legendary background of the South. Dixie, he tells us, was the name of a Dutch farmer on Manhattan who imported Africans to till his land. During the long winters they waxed plump and contented in idleness and when they were sold to southern planters and long hours of toil under the cruel sun, their one wish was that they were back on Dixie's land. We learn of the town of Hot Coffee, the true story of Casey Jones and of John Henry, and that fantastic republic, The Free State Of Jones.

Mr. Street writes with a curious laconicism; whether this is the result of his newspaper training or of his laissez-faire Mississippi heritage it isn't possible to say. But his use of understatement in writing of the many paradoxes and injustices and cruelties that he encountered is more effective than any amount of denunciation he might have quite excusably employed.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE RULE OF LAW: Sir Alfred Zimmern; Macmillans. \$3.75.

LOPE DE VEGA: Four Plays, edited by John Garrett Underhill; Scribners. \$2.75.

THE SOUND WAGON: T. S. Stribling; Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.

COSMOPOLITANS: W. Somerset Maugham; Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.

NO VILLIAN NEED BE: Vardis Fisher; Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.

THE GENERAL THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT INTEREST AND MONEY: John Maynard Keynes; Macmillan. \$1.50.

THE SCHOOL OF FEMININITY: Margaret Lawrence; Nelson. \$3.50.

SHAKESPEARE: John Middleton Murry; Cape-Nelson. \$4.50.

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